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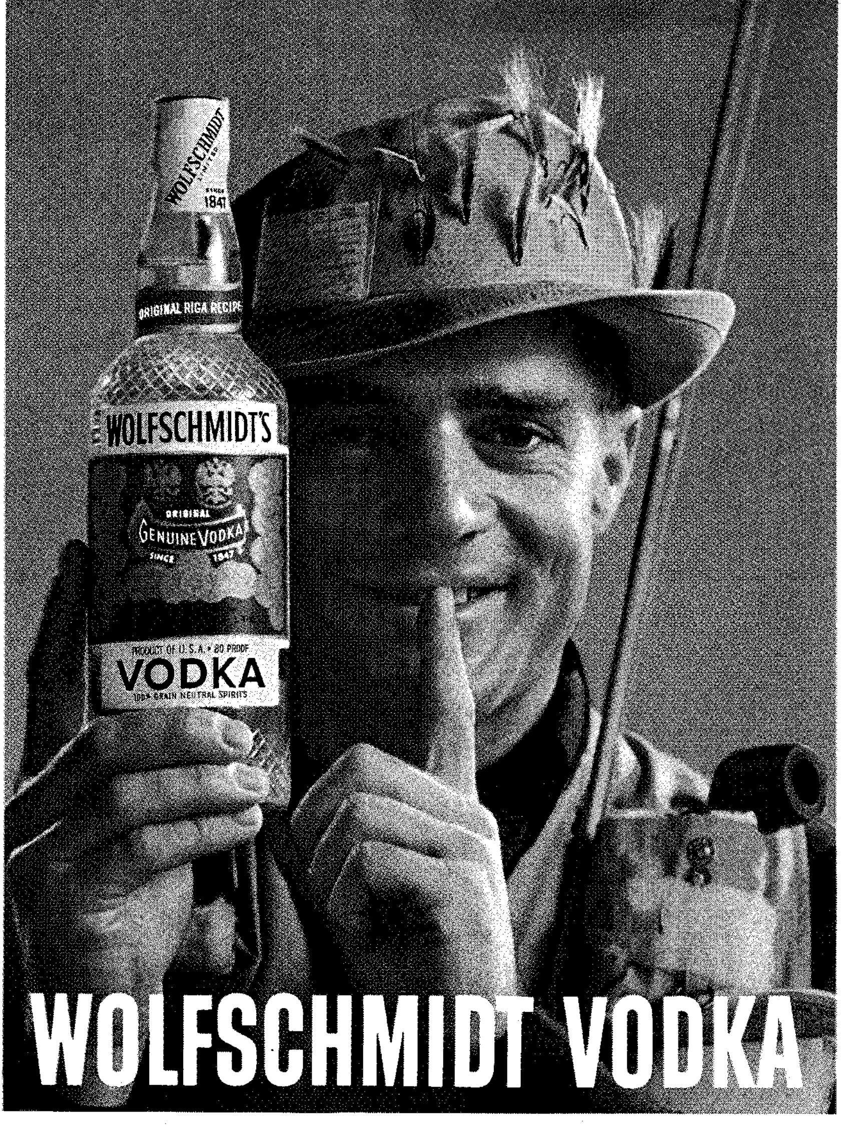

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How we retired in 15 years with $300 a month

"Strange, I remember it so clearly—and fifteen years seems just a short while ago. For it's thanks to what happened Christmas 1942 that we're living in Florida today, with our income guaranteed for life.

"We'd invited some people in, and as we waited, Dot and I sat by the fire reading. Christmas always made me stop and take stock. And that year I was turning forty. I'm not getting any younger, I thought, as I leafed through a copy of Life magazine.

"For years we'd dreamed of retiring to Florida. We'd get just a little place where we'd be out in the sun all year—have time for living. But we'd stopped talking about it lately, for we hadn't banked much money. At almost forty, nearly half my working life was behind me. So I began to wonder: Must I just live and work and die doing the same thing every day?

"Suddenly I noticed a page that said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire on an income.' I read it through. There was, it said, a way for an ordinary salaried man to retire on a lifetime income. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I could get $300 a month beginning when I reached 55. All I needed was fifteen or twenty good earning years ahead. I cut out the coupon. Soon my mail brought a booklet telling about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Yes, one was just right for me.

"When Christmas 1957 rolled around, I was almost 55 and set to retire. Soon after, my first Phoenix Mutual check for $300 arrived. We got a good price for our house, and drove to Florida. We found our dream house. And month after month the postman hands us our pay check. We're financially independent for life."

Send for Free Booklet. This story is typical. Assuming you begin at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of $20 a month to $3,600 a year or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

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GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

OVER 100 YEARS OF LIFE INSURANCE PROTECTION
FOR BUSINESS AND FAMILIES

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261 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

Please mail me, without obligation, your free 28-page booklet showing new retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

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Date of Birth____________________
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How SLENDER women *can REDUCE the size of their HIPS

by Lois Cristy

* No diet. No weight-loss, yet inches vanish almost like magic!

Are you slender . . . yet bothered by bulges? Are you only slightly over your correct size . . . and not interested in dieting? Relax-A-cizor is your way. No diet. No weight-loss. Yet inches vanish from hips, waist, tummy, arms, thighs . . . almost like magic . . . while you rest, at HOME!

Relax-A-cizor requires NO EFFORT, never makes you feel tired . . . yet it is real, slimming exercise. It is not a vibrator or couch. It is the ONLY home unit that does not depend upon diet for results!

You save time and money, too. No more long trips to expensive salons. You use your Relax-A-cizor privately at home for less than 5c a day. So convenient. So quick and easy to use.

Many women lose an inch or two the first week or so . . . and with NO diet or weight-loss! No other home method makes such a promise . . . Relax-A-cizor reduces inches without diet or weight-loss!

Relax-A-cizor is a tiny, attractive machine. Looks like a small makeup case. It causes "beautifying, reducing exercise that trims away inches." Easy to use . . . simply place "Beauty Belts" or pads over bulges of hips, waist, abdomen, thighs, turn a dial and Relax-A-cizor does your slimming exercise while you rest, read, watch T.V. or even sleep!

"This is the safe, sensible, economical home method used by more than 200,000 women." Praised by such famous magazines as Vogue, Harper's Bazaar, Mademoiselle, Charm, Glamour, Coronet... and newspaper beauty editors coast-to-coast. *(Send Coupon for Free Beauty Articles.)*

Just a few of our famous slender users: Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Patrice Munsel, Lisa Ferraday, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco and Helen O'Connell.

Diet may cause sagging and loss from bust, neck and face. Relax-A-cizor does NOT; instead it firms and tightens your waist, hips, thighs and abdomen. New FACIAL exercises and tightens *muscles* under eyes and chin. Chest muscles that help support the bust are exercised with "Beauty Pads." A special "Back Pad" gives soothing exercise to the muscles that aid erect posture.

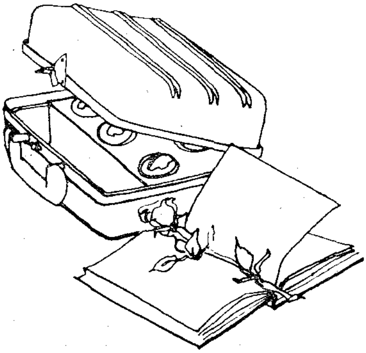
Clinically tested by physicians . . . Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Husbands use Relax-A-cizor, too . . . for slimming exercise of their bulging waistlines . . . for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired, aching back and feet muscles. Relax-A-cizor is for the WHOLE FAMILY . . . teenagers to glamorous Grandma. *Everyone* uses it!

Photo: Phillip March

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

Relax-A-cizor, 980 N. La Cienega, Los Angeles



Users report results . . . Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26"." She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

Free: "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" by Ralph Bass and complete illustrated booklets about "How to Reduce Inches at Home" . . . No cost. No obligation. MAIL COUPON BELOW.

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Please send in PLAIN envelope FREE information about reducing size of waist, hips, thighs, abdomen. No cost.

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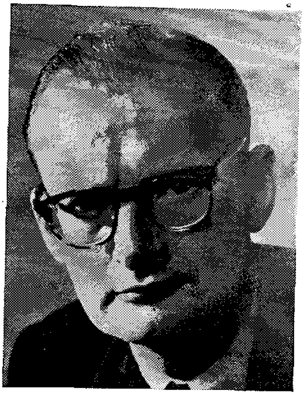
Chicago to Grand Rapids	75¢	50¢	15¢
Pittsburgh to Cincinnati	$\$1^{05}$	70¢	20¢
Phoenix to Los Angeles	$\$1^{30}$	85¢	25¢
Houston to Newark, N.J.	$\$2^{45}$	$\$1^{65}$	45¢

These rates apply nights after 6 o'clock and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.

Dear Reader:



Clarke: from the sea to the stars.

YOU WOULD EXPECT an unusual article such as "Man's Fate In Space" (p. 88) to have an unusual author. Arthur C. Clarke fits the description. Slim, sandy-haired, bespectacled Clarke, a 40-year-old Englishman, is known as the "dean of science-fiction writers." He has written 20 books and hundreds of articles and stories, mostly about outer space. Though he started with fiction—his first story sold for $25—the age of the missile and the satellite has turned much of his fantasy into fact. This has not been entirely coincidental. As Clarke—who recently startled a British lecture audience by telling them they would someday visit their grandchildren on the moon—puts it: "I have never used scientific material in my novels which wasn't fact, or which I believed wasn't likely to become fact." Clarke first became interested in science at the age of ten when his father gave him a picture card showing prehistoric animals. That set him to collecting fossils. He soon switched to astronomy and built a telescope out of a cardboard tube and a couple of lenses. "I spent so many nights mapping the moon," he recalls, "that I got to know my way around up there almost as well as I did in my native Somerset." Other gadgets followed, including an old bike lamp converted into a transmitter that could send sound along a light beam for several yards. In 1941 Clarke joined the Royal Air Force, where as a radar specialist he ran the first experimental ground-controlled approach equipment. After the war, he got his degree from Kings College, London, and became assistant editor of a scientific journal. He wrote in his spare time and did so well that he quit his job and became a full-time author and lecturer. Incongruously for a space man, he has also become an avid skin diver. He dredged up material for two books exploring the Great Barrier Reef off Australia and the ocean depths off Ceylon, where he now lives four months of the year. He spends the rest of the time in New York and London—and no time at all on Mars. That, for the adventurous Mr. Clarke, should obviously become the next step.

The Editors

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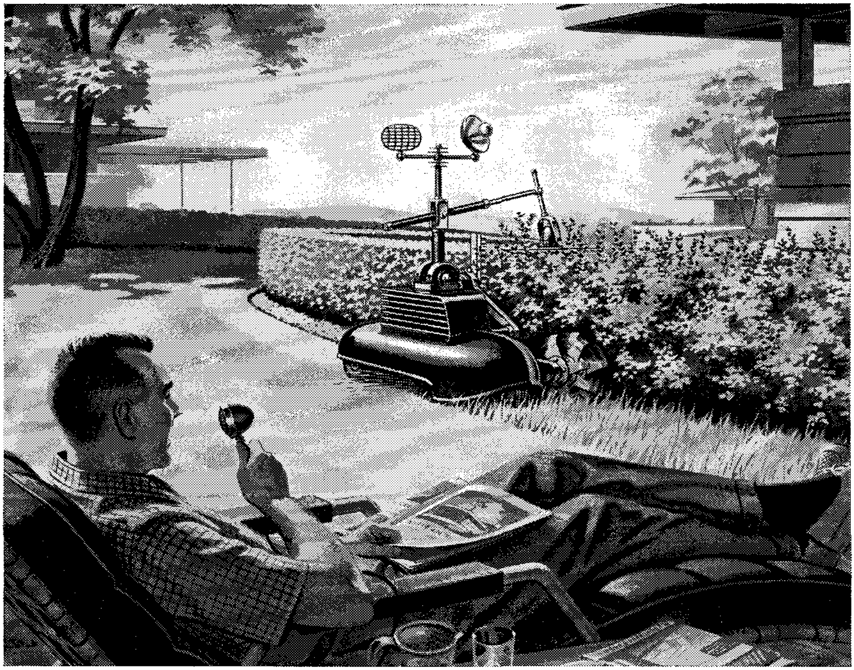

ELECTRICITY MAY DO YOUR YARD WORK. One day, by simply speaking into a microphone, you may be able to command an electric "gardener" to mow the grass, cultivate the flower beds, trim the hedge and do other yard work. And all the while you'll be relaxing in the shade.

Power companies build for your future electric living

Your present electric appliances are just the beginning of real electric living. Already the electronic oven can cook your food in seconds. One day you may have an electric "gardener" like the one pictured above. Your home will be kept dust-free and clean automatically. And electricity will launder your clothes without water.

You will be putting much more power to work — and you'll have all you need. This year alone, America's electric light and power companies are spending *5 billion dollars* on plants and lines for your future electric living. They plan to *double* the electric supply in 10 short years.

The independent electric companies are willing and able to provide all the electricity you need, now and for the years ahead. You can count on them for a constant, plentiful supply of electricity to make your life more satisfying and enjoyable.

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*Company names on request through this magazine

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CORONET

Contents for August, 1958

Vol. 45, No. 4, Whole No. 261

Articles

Father's Private Miracle . . . . LOY WARICK 19
An Amiable Child . . . . DR. IDA M. MELLEN 36
Money-Wise . . . . SIDNEY MARGOLIUS 38
Texas Rebel With A Cause . . . . HART STILWELL 43
How You Look To Your Child . . . . MAX GUNTHER 48
Our Secret War Against Soviet Smugglers
LOUIS I. FREED 54
The Old Leather Man . . . . LIAM DOUGHERTY 59
Your Digestion Shapes Your Life
HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D. 62
The Prodigal's Son . . . . WYATT BLASSINGAME 75
Man's Fate in Space . . . . ARTHUR C. CLARKE 88
Why Do People Really Gamble? . . . . TED BERKMAN 91
When A Woman Ran the White House . . COLLIE SMALL 107
We Retired to the Seven Seas
COL. ROBERT BRUCE WHITE 112
Those Madcap Cugats . . . . REX LARDNER 118
Drum Beater for the Braves . . . . EDWARD LINN 142

Pictorial features

Italy: Sun and Soul . . . . TEXT BY BEN MERSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE DANIELL 26
Land of the Snake River . . . . TEXT BY RICHARD KAPLAN
PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD FRIEDMAN 76
Everybody Loves Eddie
PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT BY MATTHEW E. HARLIB 96

Service features

Products on Parade 12
Coronet Family Shopper 152
Coronet Shopping Guide 157
Coronet School and College Directory 160

Departments

Dear Reader 5
All About You 8
Murder Makes the Grade . . . . ENTERTAINMENT 16
Grin and Share It . . . . HUMOR 24
The A's Have It . . . . A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 53
Merry Mixups . . . . HUMOR 106
Human Comedy . . . . HUMOR 140
Language Lessons . . . . HUMOR 162

Book Condensation

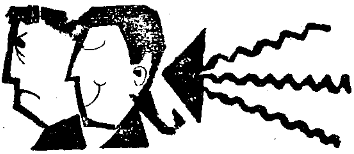
Over My Dead Body . . . . JUNE OPIE 123

Cover

. . . . PHOTOGRAPH BY OZZIE SWEET

ALL ABOUT YOU

The art of concentration; don't grit your teeth—bear it; losing touch with the world



NOISE FOR THE NERVES

How well can you concentrate amid the clatter of loud conversation? It all depends on what kind of person you are, say psychologists Donovan Auble and Nancy Britton, of Western College for Women in Ohio.

If your nerves are on edge, you may work better when distracting noise acts as a background for your thoughts. That's what they found when they tested 16 students, half of whom had anxious natures.

To approximate the hubbub of the average office, the psychologists played recordings of historical narrations and interviews with mental patients—while the students in the experiment did mental exercises during noisy and quiet periods.

Surprisingly, those who clamored for silence were the more placid individuals. The jittery ones ignored the distracting jabber.

ORAL MORAL

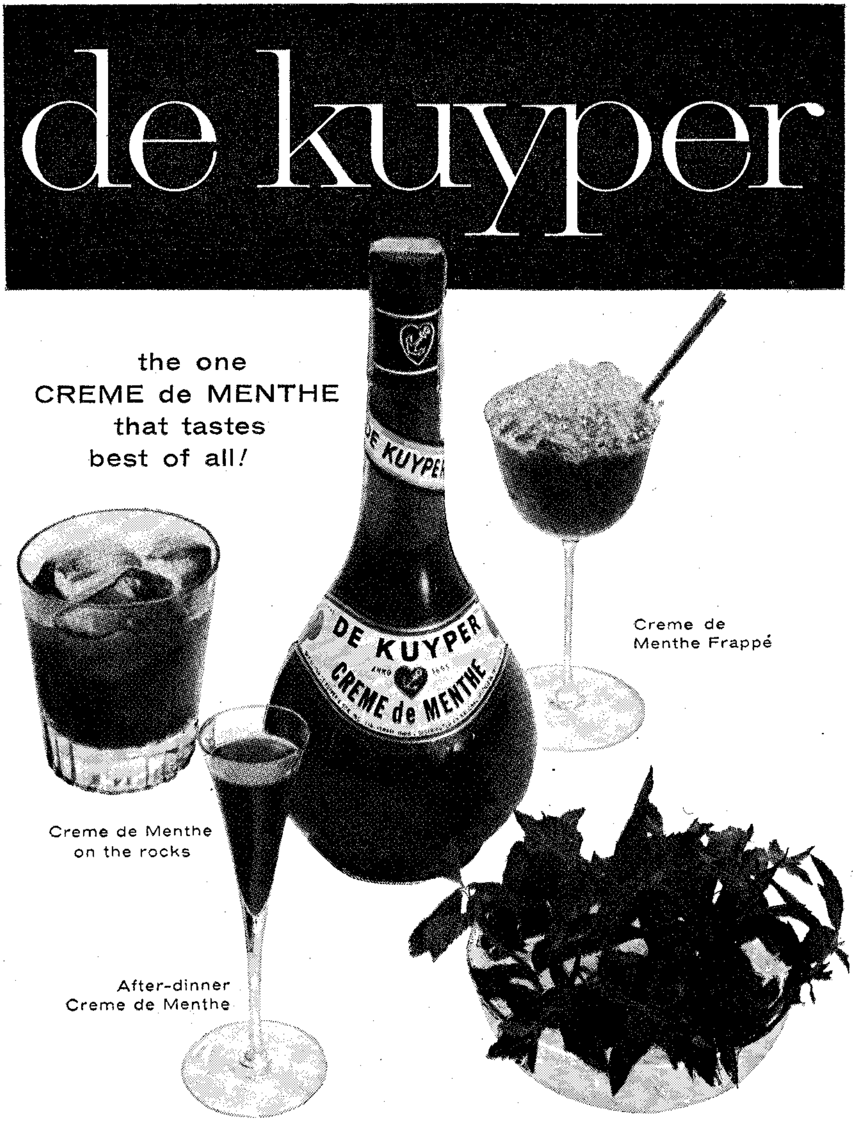
Do you grit your teeth to let off emotional steam? If you do, you're in hot water, anyway, warns Dr. Ernest R. Granger of New York. Because your teeth can't take the pounding of such uneven pressures.

The grinding and grating can cause irritation and a breakdown of gum tissues—and eventually may lead to the loss of several teeth.

The obvious solution is to calm down. But if obviously you can't do this, clenching your fists would be a lot safer than mauling your molars.

THE ERRING SENSES

When you lose touch with the world around you—literally—your mind loses its touch, too. For you cannot be long deprived of sensory feeling without jeopardizing your sense of reality, declare Boston Drs. Donald Wexler, Jack Mendelson, P.H. Leiderman, Jr., and Philip Solomon. According to their report on 17 men (aged 24 to 31) who were cooped up from 1½ to 36 hours in a tank-type respirator, the lack of elbow room and the monotonous atmosphere caused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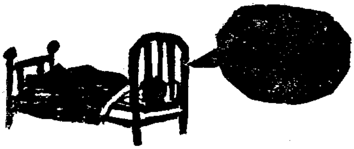
fantastic reactions. One man was positive his hands were separated from his body; another imagined a spot overhead was a crawling spider. Several had weird hallucinations, such as seeing soldiers poised on a cliff suddenly change into a herd of cows. Only six volunteers stuck it out to the harrowing end. The others were so overcome by panic or physical complaints they had to be liberated.

EYEWITNESS TO YOUR DREAM

As you dream—and nearly all of us do every night—your eyes are "awake," according to Drs. Nathaniel Kleitman and William Dement who conducted a study at the University of Chicago. Beneath your closed lids, your eyes are as restless as your visions—excitedly moving up and down if you dream you're climbing Mt. Everest; rapidly shuttling back and forth if you're watching a tennis match.



By monitoring the sleep of dreamy volunteers, Drs. Kleitman and Dement found that your first fantasy unfolds during your lightest sleep—about an hour after you drop off—and lasts about nine minutes. The dreams that follow run longer—up to 30 minutes. All told, you ride your subconscious merry-go-round one-and-a-half to two hours a night.

Other fascinating facts found by the researchers: women don't dream more than men; people who lead colorful lives usually have more exciting dreams; only newborn babies, and adults who hit the bottle too much, enjoy dreamless slumber.

MOTHERING MINUS MOTHER

Children who see less of their parents may have a healthier perspective on life than those who are continually under the parental eye. That's the conclusion of Dr. Albert I. Rabin of Michigan State University. He observed that youngsters reared apart from their parents in Kibbutzim, collective settlements in Israel, often experienced fewer growing pains than children living under "normal" circumstances.

Ordinarily, many children resent parental discipline. But in these communities the nurses and teachers take over that job. Thus the youngsters' resentment is drained off on the substitute parents. By the time the children get to see their regular parents (for just three hours), they've already exhausted their supply of temper tantrums and can soak up Mama and Papa's undivided attention.

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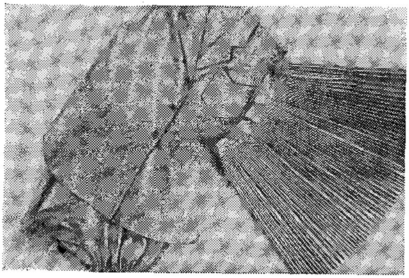
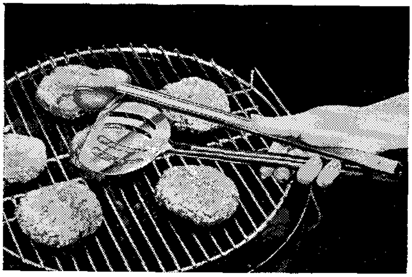
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

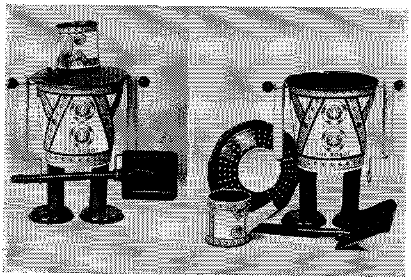
edited by Florence Semon



Skilties are the newest thing in summer sleepwear. Permanently pleated skirt worn over 2-piece short sleeper is ideal breakfast outfit. Of pin-check drip-dry cotton. Pink or blue. Sizes 32 to 38. By M. C. Schrank. $6.30 pp. Gimbels, Dept. G, 33rd St. & Broadway, N.Y.1,N.Y.



Turner tong securely holds food for turning or serving. Ideal for indoor or outdoor use. Stainless steel; measures 16″ overall. Push-button lock on handle compresses arms for storage. $2.79 pp. Janlo Products, Dept. 16, Box 5338, Metro Station, Los Angeles 55, California.



Sandman robot comes apart, making separate sand toys. Head is sprinkling can, body is large sand pail, shoulders become a sieve. Complete with shovel. Of sturdy decorated steel; measures 12″ tall. $1.50 pp. Jeb's on the Santa Fe Trail, Dept. COR, Waverly 22, Mo.

JUNIOR PAINTER

Junior painter kit has everything a boy or girl needs to make a bicycle, etc., look like new. Includes 3 cans nontoxic enamel, paintbrush, painter's cap, pair of work gloves, brush cleaner, sandpaper, etc. $3.50 pp. Blue Crown Products, Dept. U1, Box 344, Scarsdale, N. Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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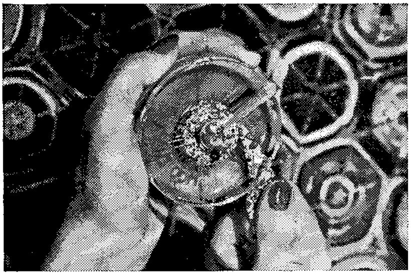
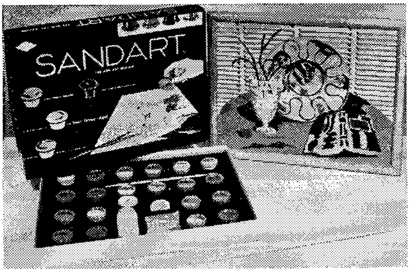
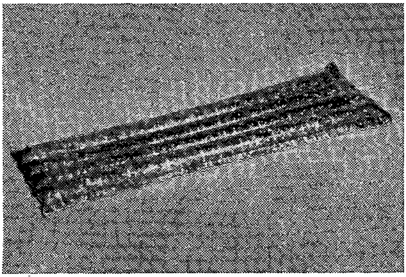


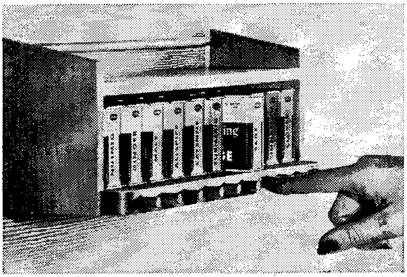
Make scatter rugs, place mats, coasters, etc., by winding strips of remnant cloth on palmloom and binding them. Kit comes complete with simple directions and packet of darning needles. $2.00 pp. R. Peters Associates, Dept. COR, 19 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.



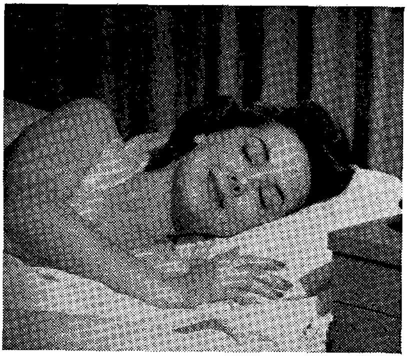
Sand-painting by the numbers is fun for everyone. Kit contains 2 14″ x 18″ numbered pictures, 20 containers of colored sands, adhesive, 2 brushes, and tray for excess sand. Choice of seascapes, landscapes or still life. $4.35 pp. Emesé Novelties, Box 666-C, Jamaica 31, New York.



Giant 6' air mat and float can be used in or out of the water. Made of heavyweight plastic in aqua color. Each air cell is valved so that if one is punctured the others remain inflated. $3.48 pp. Barclay Distributors, COR, 86-24 Parsons Blvd., Jamaica, New York.



Push the button on this spice rack and out "pops" the spice can you want. Salem maple; can be hung on the wall or will stand by itself. Senior style holds 10 2-oz. cans. Junior model, 10 1½-oz. cans. Each $5.95 pp. Ou-Tre-Mer Co., C-1, 1501 Wirt Rd., Houston 24, Tex.



Sleep-Eze Tablets bring sleep safely

...let you awaken bright, refreshed

New Sleeping Tablet Safer Reports Coronet Magazine

Proved as effective as barbiturates in bringing sound, restful sleep—with no "drug hang-over"

Now there's a new-formula sleeping tablet, proved fully as effective as barbiturates in clinical tests, yet so safe in bringing sound, restful sleep that it can be made available to the public without a prescription.

So reports Coronet Magazine in a recent 4-page editorial article hailing new-formula SLEEP-EZE as answer to science's age-long quest for sleep with safety.

Clinically-Tested. When SLEEP-EZE with its special new formula was tested in one of the world's largest hospitals, sleep of patients increased from 3 or 4 hours—to as much as 8 hours of sound, unbroken sleep. SLEEP-EZE Tablets proved effective in *88% of all cases tested*—including even severe cases of sleeplessness.

Results of these clinical tests have recently been published in a leading medical journal and are now being released to doctors.

If you have trouble sleeping, let SLEEP-EZE help *you* just as it is helping millions everywhere. Be sure to ask for SLEEP-EZE by name to get the proven results you've read about here. SLEEP-EZE is the only tablet publishing this clinical proof of effectiveness and safety.

Guaranteed to help you. SLEEP-EZE contains no barbiturates, no narcotics. You awaken bright and refreshed—free from any trace of "drug hang-over." Positively non-habit forming. If you don't enjoy the best night's sleep of your life, purchase price refunded. Introductory size only 79¢ at all drug counters. Get SLEEP-EZE Tablets *now*...and sleep *tonight!*

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To Doctors: for reprints of a dramatic clinical report published in a leading medical journal, write to Sleep-Eze Co., Dept. C, Long Beach, California

(ADVERTISEMENT)

TELEVISION

Murder makes the grade

In the Saturday night battle for television ratings, easy-going Perry Como has met a formidable rival in the dynamic, tough-talking criminal lawyer, **Perry Mason.** Created by mystery-writer Erle Stanley Gardner, Mason is convincingly portrayed by 6′3″, 200-pound Raymond Burr.

Proud of his mounting CBS ratings, Burr points out: "Other hour programs often change stars and stories to sustain interest. But we use the same basic cast—Barbara Hale, William Talman, William Hopper, Ray Collins—every week."

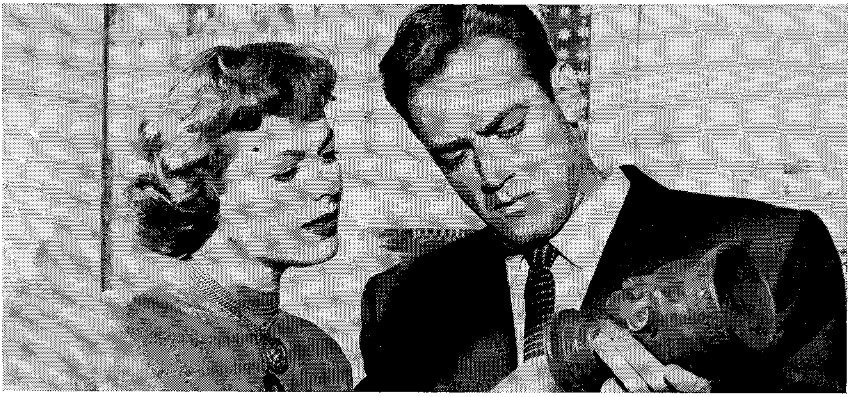
One factor behind *Perry Mason*'s success is the focus on female clients. "Women," says Burr, "make murder more interesting."

Canadian-born, blue-eyed and of Scotch-Irish-English ancestry, Burr brings a varied background to his portrayal. In the past 30 years, he has worked as a Broadway song-and-dance man, schoolteacher, cowhand, weather-watcher, fiction writer and Hollywood villain.

During the Korean War, he flew overseas seven times, devoting his holidays to entertaining servicemen. He regularly visits VA hospitals and broadcasts for Armed Forces Radio.

Burr's proudest possession is his large, rambling house, on a cliff overlooking Malibu Beach. He describes it as "a peasant house with white brick walls, fireplaces and cement floors," and he enjoys cooking hearty meals for friends in the spacious kitchen.

Twice wed, Burr has been "unmarried," as he puts it, for five years. Rising at 3 A.M. weekdays to learn lines for the day's shooting, he finds little time for his myriad interests: growing dwarf fruit trees, developing a new begonia strain, raising farm animals and collecting French art. "I'd collect boats," he says, looking at the water below his windows, "if I had time."



Raymond Burr, as Perry Mason, studies a clue with secretary Della Street, played by Barbara Hale.

The modern woman's
search for self-knowledge . . .

What Today's Woman Knows about Herself

OUT of the dark of ignorance—out of the shadows of fear and embarrassments—has finally emerged the woman of modern civilization. At last she has reached the "noonday" of knowledge, knowledge about herself—as a woman!

Today's woman is learning what governs her emotional make-up, her limits and her potentials. What her forebears didn't know, what her Victorian counterpart would have avoided, she now deals with frankly. She is unraveling the mysteries of womanhood, wifehood and motherhood. She wants to *know!* And through self-knowledge she has finally gained a new psychological freedom.

Her "emancipation" from old ideas and false notions has brought her a brand new kind of life. Today she is active in so many aspects of the modern world! No wonder she chooses the kind of sanitary protection that reflects this wonderful sense of independence and freedom —Tampax!

Today's woman looks to Tampax® internal sanitary protection for that perfect balance of modesty and practicality. She depends upon Tampax for the kind of protection that is so important to her busy life. For Tampax brings her comfort and confidence, a sense of freedom that helps her forget the difference in the days!

Good sense, too, has made her choose Tampax. She knows doctor-invented Tampax was developed for *all women*—married or single, active or not. So, she's assured it's the right protection for her—as it is for the millions of smart moderns all over the world who use Tampax. Available in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold.

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

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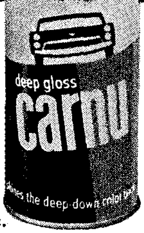
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CORONET
AUGUST 1958

FATHER'S PRIVATE MIRACLE

Blending prayer, a hymn and a bolt of lightning, he became the holy terror that hoodwinked the Klan

by Loy Warwick

THE BEST DAY'S WORK my father ever did was the time he licked the Ku Klux Klan practically singlehanded—and restored Tinsley Byfield's faith in miracles. But my father never took any credit for it. Everything, he insisted, had been handled personally by the Lord—and "... *his way is perfect....*" That was the kind of preacher—and man—he was.

It all began late in the afternoon of a hot summer day. My father was sitting out on the front porch of the parsonage with Tinsley, a retired but unreconstructed Blue Ridge Mountain moonshiner who was one of my father's parishioners and best friends.

Tinsley, who had learned at his mother's knee to hate revenuers and to love The Word with about equal intensity, was a scriptural authority of remarkable gifts. However, he bogged down every now and then and would come to talk it out with my father.

"All my life," Tinsley was saying, "I've taken the Bible at face value, Brother Ansley. But I've been thinking—about miracles. I don't have any trouble with Jonah and the whale, or the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea dry-shod.

"What I want to know," Tinsley continued, almost angrily, "is why don't we have any miracles *today?*"

"You've got to have faith," my father said. "Why don't you pray about it?"

"I can't seem to pray powerful, Brother Ansley, the way I should. Can't seem to work up any real suction."

"Well, keep working at it," my father said and, after a moment, added: *"What things soever ye desire*—and you want a modern miracle, Tinsley—*when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."*

"St. Mark, 11:24," Tinsley said, automatically, for he was absorbed in other thoughts. He was peering out at the small "touring car" parked in front of the parsonage. He smiled. "Well, there's one miracle I'll admit to. You finally got yourself an automobile. . . ."

No doubt, had Tinsley asked my father more about the car, which had been acquired only that morning, he would have learned that my father had received but two driving lessons.

But my mother came to the door just then. Ruby Pearl Sharp, Jat Sharp's wife, was on the phone.

When my father came back out, he wasn't exactly running. Flying would be more like it. He shot down the steps and headed for the car.

Tinsley, an agile 70 at the time, didn't go down the steps after my father. He went over the porch banisters in a single, effortless leap. As my father got behind the wheel, Tinsley stepped over the door into the back seat.

The car shuddered and suddenly leaped forward. My father took the corner in a wide arc. Miraculously, only the front left wheel mounted the curb before he got her back into the middle of the road and lit out again. To get to Jat Sharp's place, he had to go smack through the heart of town. Which he did at military speed, as the jet pilots say today, full throttle.

My father got the car stopped about 50 yards below Jat's house, one of a score of mean, patched-up dwellings, some of them no better than tar-paper shacks, which cluttered a malarial hollow about two and a half miles from town. The town dump was on one side, a guano factory on the other. Thus, aptly, if vulgarly, the settlement was known to all as Stinktown.

The people who had to live there were all poor, of course. But they all weren't "bad." Some of them, like the Sharps, were members of my father's congregation. Billy Dee, about 18, the Sharps' daughter—spunky and pretty—even played the organ sometimes for Wednesday night prayer meeting.

In front of Jat's house were seven or eight cars parked bumper to bumper, as if they had arrived in parade formation.

"I know most of those cars," said Tinsley. "That one's Anvil Pruit's. He's no good. Owes me $6 for three gallons of corn. Four, five years, now. Brother Ansley, maybe you don't know it, but these cars belong to people mixed up in the Ku Klux."

"I realize it," said my father. "That's why we came here."

"We?" exclaimed Tinsley. *"We?* I didn't even know where you were going."

"The Lord knew, anyhow," said my father. "I never go anywhere without Him."

"Then it's the three of us in it together," said Tinsley.

My father and Tinsley came quietly up behind the crowd of sheeted, hooded figures just as one of them shouted, "Bring that woman out here, Jat Sharp, if you know what's good for you! Or we're coming in after her, the foreign ———."

"I'm going in," said my father. "You don't have to come."

"You and the Lord lead the way," said Tinsley. "I don't care which one of you is in front, I'll be right behind."

They gained Jat's porch without any of the Ku Kluxers trying to stop them. At least three of the Klansmen were holding coiled blacksnake whips. A five-foot cross—two pine blanks crudely nailed together—was planted near the porch.

It had grown almost dark now, a darkness hastened by summer storm clouds gathering in the west, making an eerie light and adding an evil note to the silence which had fallen upon the night-riders with my father's appearance. Not that any of them were *afraid* of my father. He was just something they hadn't counted on happening.

After a moment or two, my father turned to the door. It was opened immediately by Jat, holding an old double-barreled 12-gauge Winchester shotgun.

My father and Tinsley went in. And as matter-of-factly as if he'd just come for supper, my father shook hands with Mrs. Sharp and Billy Dee.

Then he walked over to Marcelle Lazarene, and took her hand. Marcelle was a handsome, dark-haired woman, about 30. It is true, she did look a little "foreign." But her grandfather had been with Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans, and her father had served under Lee in Virginia.

For several years after her first appearance, Marcelle had lived alone in a Stinktown cottage. But even to the kids around town, her name was a byword. For everybody knew that "Miss Marcelle" had a lot of men visitors, at all hours of the night.

About a month before the time I'm talking about, a stranger showed up. He was a big, powerful fellow who kept to himself and worked hard.

No night visitors came to Marcelle's cottage any more. But the stranger, Jean Daroux, was seen often there—but always in the broad light of day.

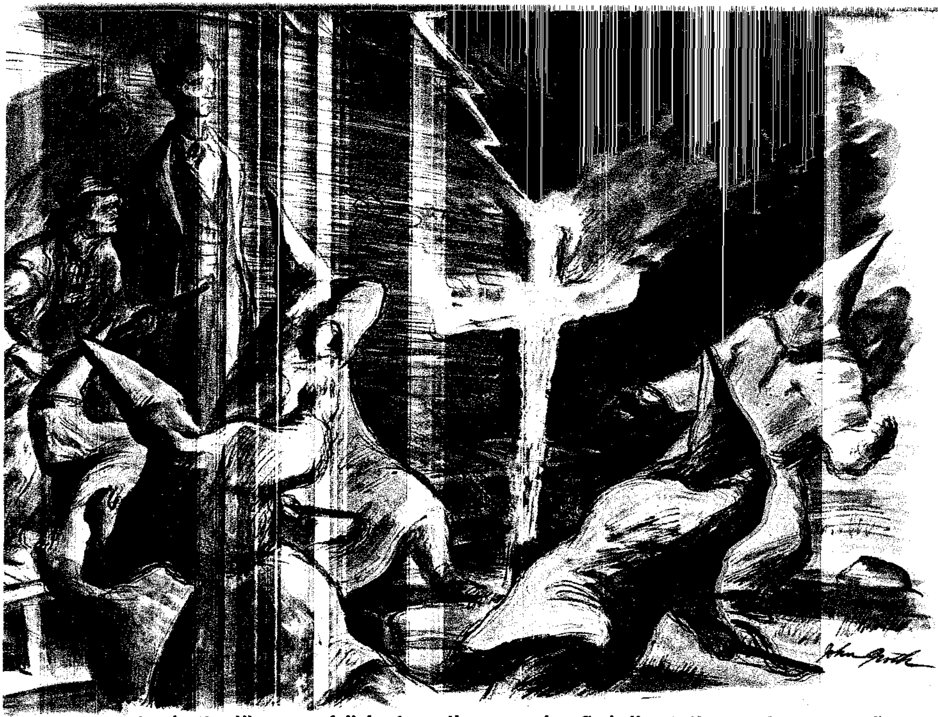
And then, one midnight, Jean and Marcelle showed up at the parsonage, and my father married them in the parlor. Marcelle pledged him to secrecy. They were going far away from Stinktown, she told him, and start life all over again.

How is Jean?" was one of the first things my father said to Marcelle.

"He went away to Peach Valley, only this morning," she said. "He thinks for sure he has a good job there, and we're going to move. But I think some of those out there in the yard—they must have seen him go."

"They must have seen the sheriff leave town, too," put in Jat. "He went down to Lithonia on a case, and won't be back till tomorrow. I got wind of this rotten business this afternoon. . . . I made Miss Lazarene come over here."

"It's all right, Brother Ansley," said Marcelle. "Already I've caused everybody too much trouble. They


Awe-struck, the Klansmen fell back as the careening fireball set the wooden cross aflame.

want to whip me. So let them. I'm not afraid."

Without a word, my father knelt down on one knee, with his arm resting on the wood box, and his forehead pressing hard against the knuckles of his clenched fist, the way he always prayed. The others knelt too.

My father prayed hard and straight to the point, with "a power of suction," as Tinsley said. He asked the Lord to bless the house and all the people in it. He called them off by name, one by one, women and children first. Nor did he forget to put in a good word for Tinsley. Or those on the outside—*"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do*—Amen."

As he said it, there was a tremendous pounding on the front door. With the 12-gauge at his hip, Jat opened it a few inches. One of the three hooded figures standing there spoke:

"Tell that preacher we'll give him five minutes to clear out or—"

"Or what?" barked Tinsley, stepping up beside Jat. "Anvil Pruit, I'd know that lying voice of yours in the noisiest place in hell. And those big feet, you slew-foot. And what's more, you owe me $6 and I'm going to get it, or that bed sheet you're wearing is going to do you for a shroud, Anvil Pruit."

Jat slammed and bolted the door. He and Tinsley turned around just in time to hear my father say to Billy Dee: "You wait at the organ. You'll know somehow when to begin."

My father stepped out on the porch. And just at that moment there came a blinding flash of sky-splitting lightning. And a mighty cannonading clap of thunder seemed to shake the earth.

The Ku Kluxer who had just struck a light to the cross fell back on his haunches. And the rain came down, instantly, in torrents. The flame on the cross sputtered out.

Then, just as suddenly, the rain ceased. And my father was talking in a perfectly even voice, as if he'd been in his own pulpit. "I'm not going to preach a sermon," he said. "I'm just going to give you the text. It is from St. John, 8th chapter. Jesus has come down from the mount of Olives to the temple, and there are many people. Suddenly, the crowd is thrown into turmoil as a woman is dragged into their midst by the scribes and Pharisees.

"They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned, but what sayest thou?

". . . So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Even before my father had finished, some of the Klansmen in the rear had begun slinking away. But those in the front rank still stood, and there was an ominous muttering among them—and then a gradual, almost imperceptible movement forward toward the porch—and that's when it happened.

With terrifying suddenness, there was another blinding flash, a shattering crack of thunder, and the lightning fireball careened down over Jat's roof, shot straight at the cross and hit it full on—and that crude symbol, which had been so recently profaned, now flared up in the full glory of its righteousness.

And almost simultaneously, the sounds of Jat's old organ surged through the window. Billy Dee had all the stops out in "The Old Rugged Cross":

"On a hill far away, stood an old
rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and
shame. . . ."

When she finished, Jat's yard was empty of Ku Kluxers—and not long afterwards, my father and Tinsley were in the car, on their way home.

Nothing untoward happened. Nothing, that is until my father made a wide turn, aiming for the driveway. It was a *very* wide turn, and took them through the front garden fence.

"I suppose," said my father, "I need a little more practice."

"What do you mean, a little more practice?" asked Tinsley.

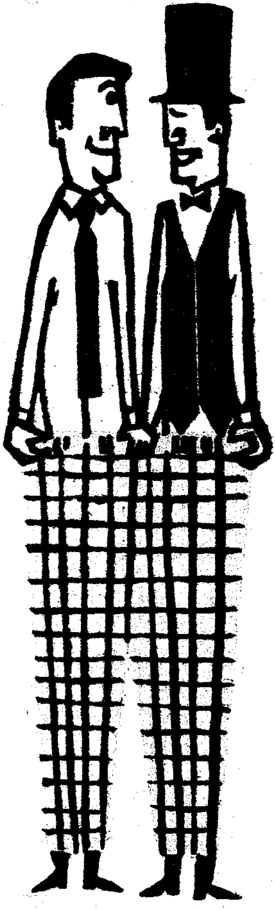
"Well," said my father, "today is really the third time I ever took hold of a steering wheel. . . ."

"A *miracle*!" cried Tinsley, recalling with horror that wild ride to Jat Sharp's place, and marveling that he was still alive.

"Yes," said my father, thinking of the ball of fire and the rain. "It was the 20th-century miracle you were asking for, Tinsley. And I think we're going to have some more of that rain. We need it."

"Sure do," said Tinsley. "To make the corn grow. . . ."

Grin and Bear It



LITTLE PETER HAD DECIDED to run away from home. He tied a few sandwiches in a handkerchief, packed a pathetic little suitcase, and made his way boldly down the road leading away from town.

By lunchtime, he was ready to call it quits. When he reached home, only a couple of hours had elapsed. He left the suitcase ostentatiously in the living room, but Mother pretended not to notice.

Just as he was about to give up, the family pooch wandered in. "Hey, Ma!" shouted Peter, brightening. "Is that the same dog you had when I went away?" —*American Salesman*

THE NEW BARBER who was busily cutting my thinning hair suggested singeing it with this explanation: "Each hair is a small tube that sort of bleeds when it is cut, so it gets weaker each time your hair is cut. But when I singe your hair, it seals the ends; your hair keeps its vigor."

"In that case," I asked, "can you explain why the hair on my chin is growing stronger all the time, in spite of the fact that each hair has been cut off every morning for 25 years?"

"Sure, I can explain it," said the barber blandly. "You jest ain't the kind of feller that story was made up to tell to." —ERNEST BLEVINS *(Quote)*

SEVERAL MEN who were seated in the waiting room of a maternity ward were surprised to see a little boy in football uniform enter and take his place alongside of them. The boy remained solemn and quiet until one of the men asked, "Is your mother in here, Sonny?"

"Nope," replied the lad, "our coach's wife is . . . we got a big game on, and he sent me here as his replacement." —RICHARD G. QUISTORF

HE MAY HAVE BEEN a frustrated hitchhiker, fed up with "no-rider" signs.

A motorist stopped his car in Baltimore and asked directions of a passer-by. The man refused to oblige, with this explanation:

"I'm a pedestrian. I don't help cars."

—JOYCE FIRESTONE

ON A U.S. NAVAL VESSEL the officer of the deck asked the starboard lookout what he would do if a man fell overboard. "I would yell, 'Man overboard,'" he replied. The officer then asked what he would do if an officer fell overboard. The lookout was silent for a moment, then asked: "Which one, sir?"

—NEAL O'HARA *(McNaught Syndicate, Inc.)*

THE TEACHER in an overcrowded classroom started her morning attendance report: "Help! They're all here!" —*Wellman Magazine*

A NON-ACTOR ASKED an actor friend if he was going to let his three-year-old daughter go on the stage. "Not for another year," said the thespian. "I want her to have a normal childhood."

—BILL KENNEDY *(Los Angeles Herald-Express)*

AN EXECUTIVE in a large advertising agency noted for its heavy turnover in top personnel put on his hat and coat and called to his secretary: "If my boss telephones while I'm out, be sure to get his name." —*A.M.A. Journal*

BACK IN THE DAYS when the west was really the West, a New York lawyer was invited to address a meeting in a cattle town. The speech was obviously a failure, and at its conclusion he was alarmed to see three grim-faced cattlemen, equipped with guns and lassos, headed for the speaker's table.

An elderly man, seated nearby, tapped the Easterner on the shoulder. "Jest set still, son. They ain't nobody gonna harm you. Them fellers is a-comin' fer the program chairman." —PAULA COOPER

A GROUP of amateur cave explorers entered a huge cavern. "You know," remarked one, "this is something of a postman's holiday for me."

"How come?" he was asked.

"I'm a dentist." —*Wall Street Journal*

A LONDON NEWSPAPER published the following conversation between a visiting American and an Eton school master, with the usual assurances of its absolute truth:

American: "Do you allow your boys to smoke?"

Eton master: "I'm afraid not."

American: "Can they drink?"

Master: "Good gracious, no."

American: "What about dates?"

Master: "Certainly, as long as they don't eat too many."

—DON COOK
"Letter from London" (N.Y. Herald Tribune)

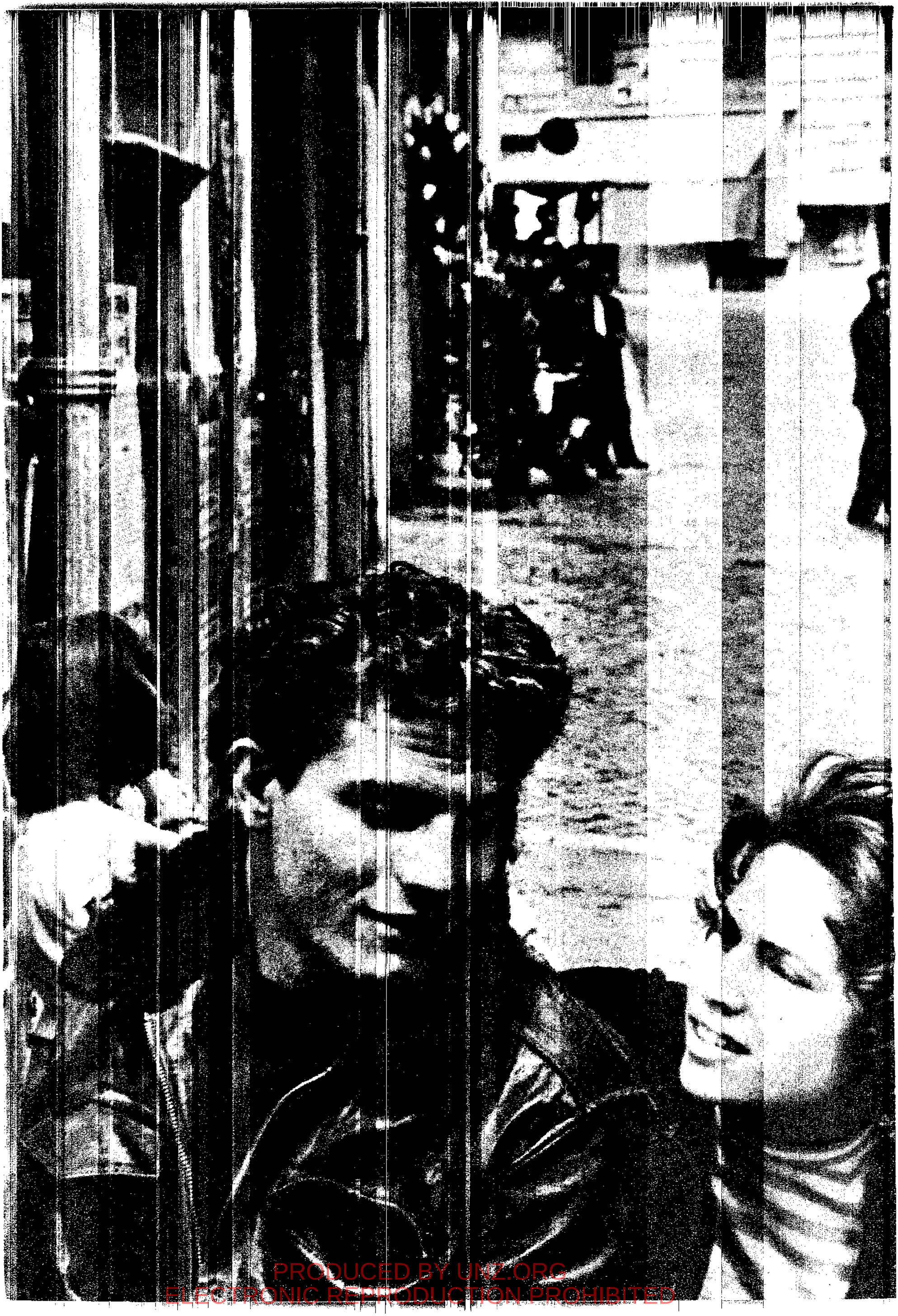
IN NORTH CAROLINA, an Internal Revenue service agent tells of a woman who called the office and asked, "How do you spell 'immediately'?"

He told her, then asked why she had called there to ask such a thing.

She answered, "If anyone in town would know, you people would!"

—*The Daily Advance*

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



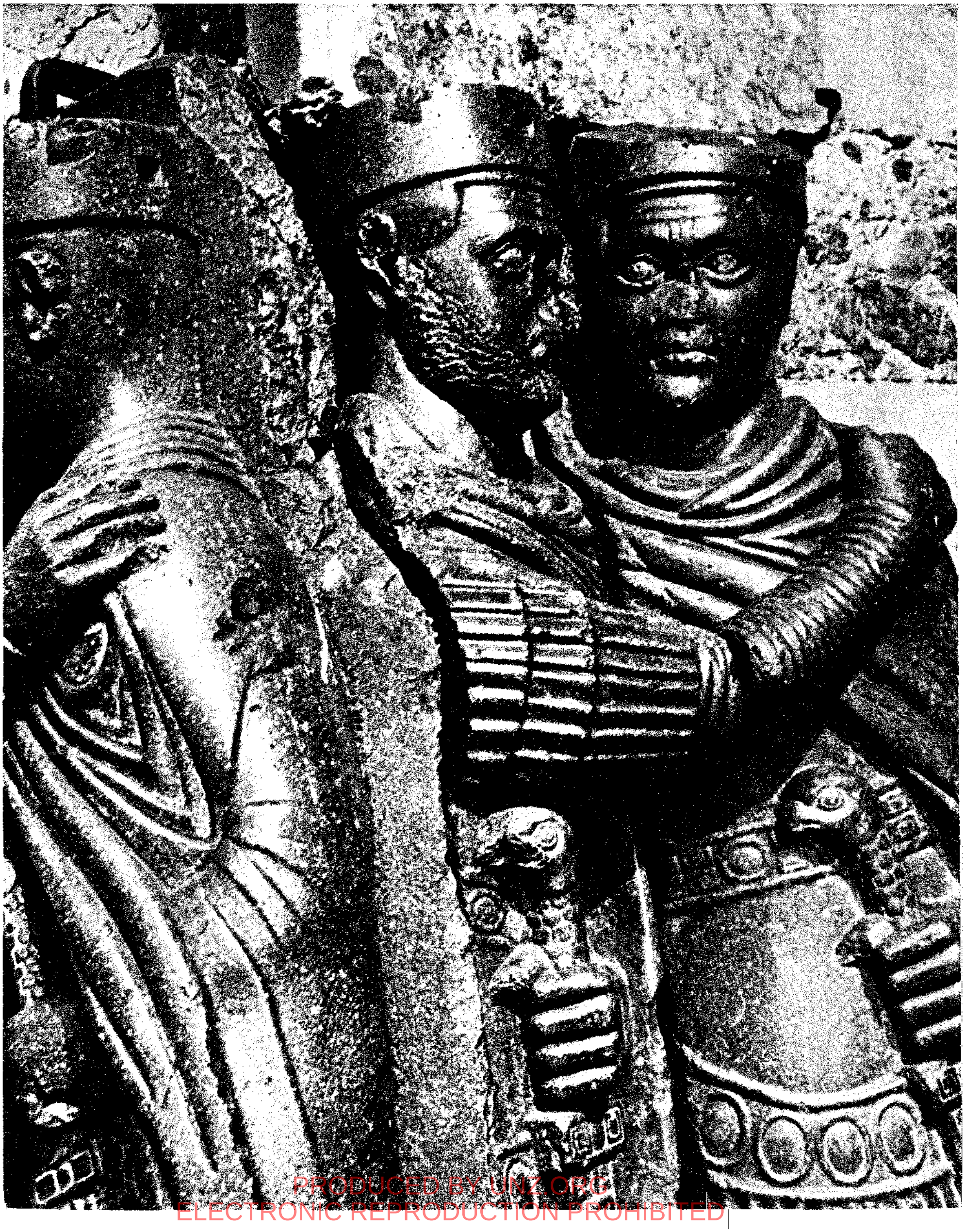
ITALY: sun and soul

IN ITALY, emotion is as warm as the glowing sun and the sensuous air. For in this poverty-stricken land, whatever enriches life must come from within. It comes in gusts of unrestrained feeling, sweeping everyday existence — and even ultimate death — into dramatic perspective. Naked as the cloudless sky, this emotion leads men to glorify instinct over reason, and say scornfully to a woman: "If you are self-conscious in love, you are *cerebrale*. It is only happening in the mind. You do not *really* love."

Photographs by George Daniell

Text by Ben Merson

"Tenderness is not weakness. It is but the gentler iron in a man's soul." So perhaps also said the four sons of Emperor Constantine.

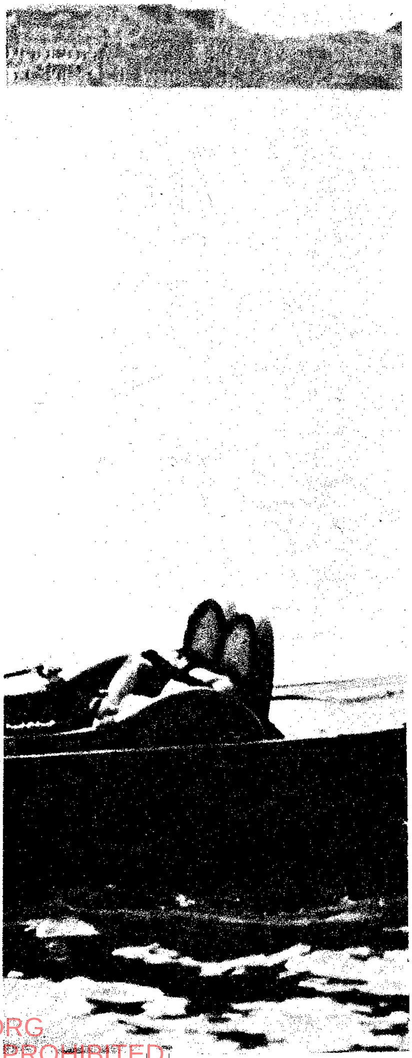


"Before marriage," say Italian women, "we are courted like sopranos in an operatic love duet. After marriage, the only songs we sing are lullabies. . . ."

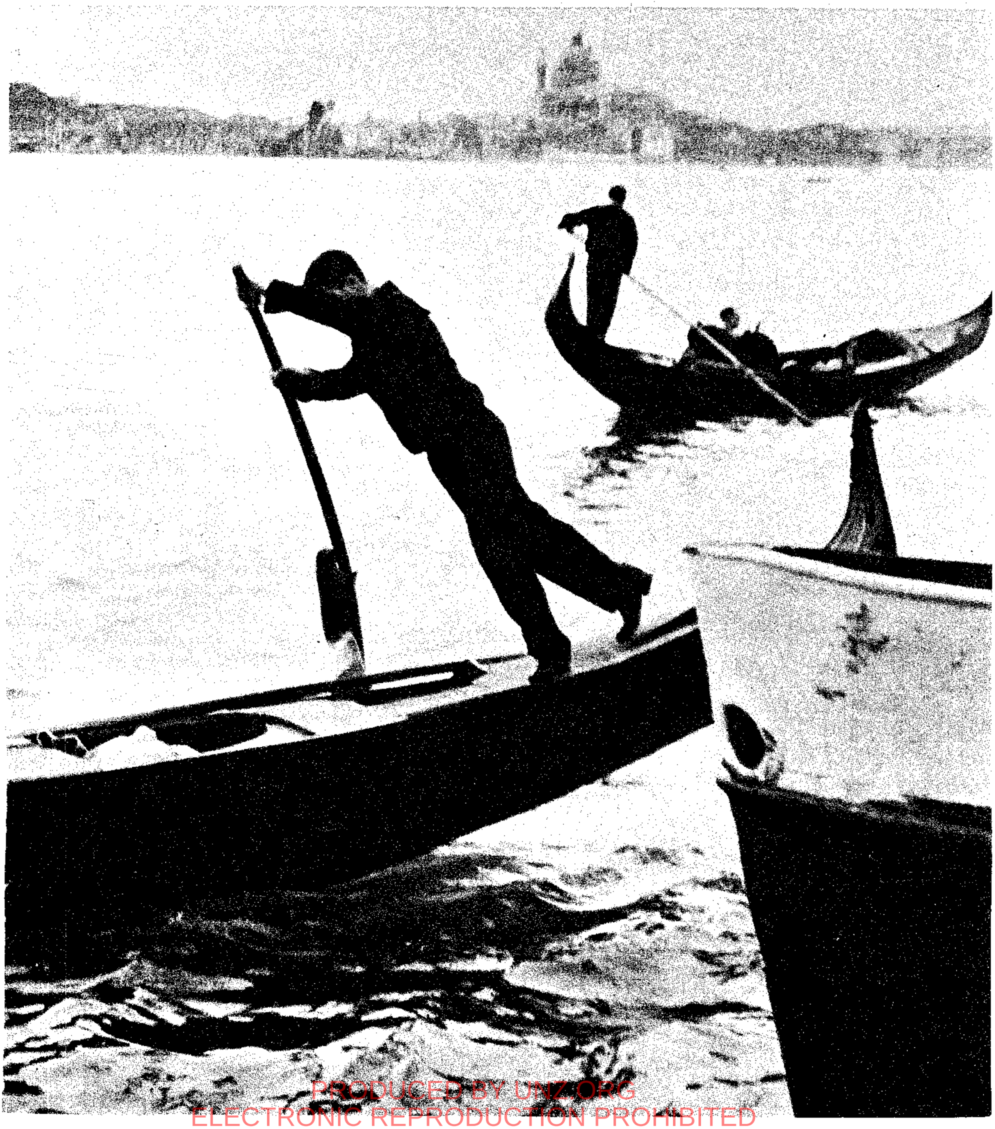
As a pretty girl passes a sidewalk café, the men relish her like food and drink. With seeming modesty, she avoids their eyes. But if the men didn't stare, her heart would go hungry.

"Come along, Magdalena—there's nothing to be afraid of in school. Not when you've got me at your side."

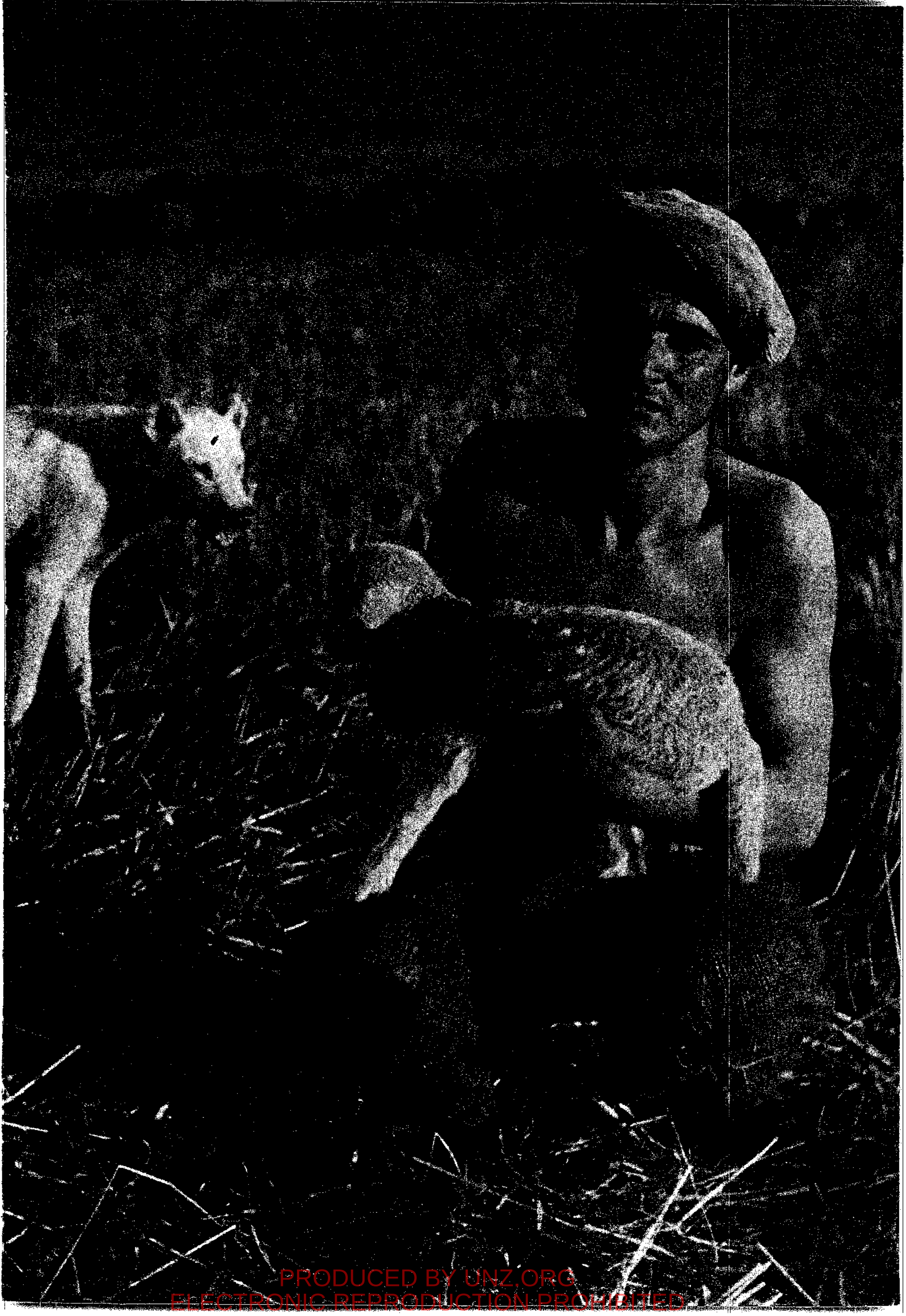
Music is not merely a way of life, it is the essence of life itself. And as omnipresent as the time-worn wall is the wandering street musician.



With straining sinews,
the gondolier thrusts his craft
through the sunlit waters,
singing to the rhythm of
his oar, making romance of
the reality of toil.



Homeward bound after
a blazing day in the fields,
a farm hand drops to
his knees and comforts a
lamb which has been frightened by his dog.
Pressed to his bare bosom,
the little creature
finds a refuge from terror
in the strength of
his body and in the warmth
of his feeling.



by Dr. Ida M. Mellen

AN AMIABLE CHILD

At Riverside on the high hill-slant
Two memoried graves are seen;
A granite dome is over Grant
And over the child the green.
The whole world knows the hero's name
And his blue battalions filed;
One tender line is the other's fame—
"An Amiable Child."

MOVED BY A SMALL MEMORIAL overlooking the Hudson River in New York City, Catherine Markham, wife of Poet Edwin ("The Man with the Hoe") Markham, wrote those lines over 20 years ago. The legend of "An Amiable Child" has intrigued and haunted pilgrims to nearby Grant's Tomb for years, yet no one today really knows the full story.

It began in 1797, when George Pollock, a wealthy New York merchant and landowner, welcomed his brother James and his family. James, his wife Jane and four-year-old son St. Claire had come from Philadelphia to visit with George before returning to their home in Ireland. Looking over his uncle's vast acres flanking what is now Riverside Drive, young St. Claire jumped up and down gleefully at the prospect of playing there.

And shortly thereafter, on a hot July 15 afternoon, the four-year-old tot was laughing and running on Strawberry Hill, refreshed by the breezes rising from the Hudson River, directly at the bottom of the hill.

But suddenly something went wrong. Did the boy slip and lose his footing? Did he stumble and fall? Was no one around to catch him? No one knows—but soon the Pollocks were mourning a little boy who had drowned in the river.

What did he look like, young St. Claire Pollock? Was he blond or dark-haired? Blue-eyed or brown? No records existing today furnish a description, beyond the inscription on the memorial placed by his parents over the grave atop Strawberry Hill before they boarded a boat for Ireland:

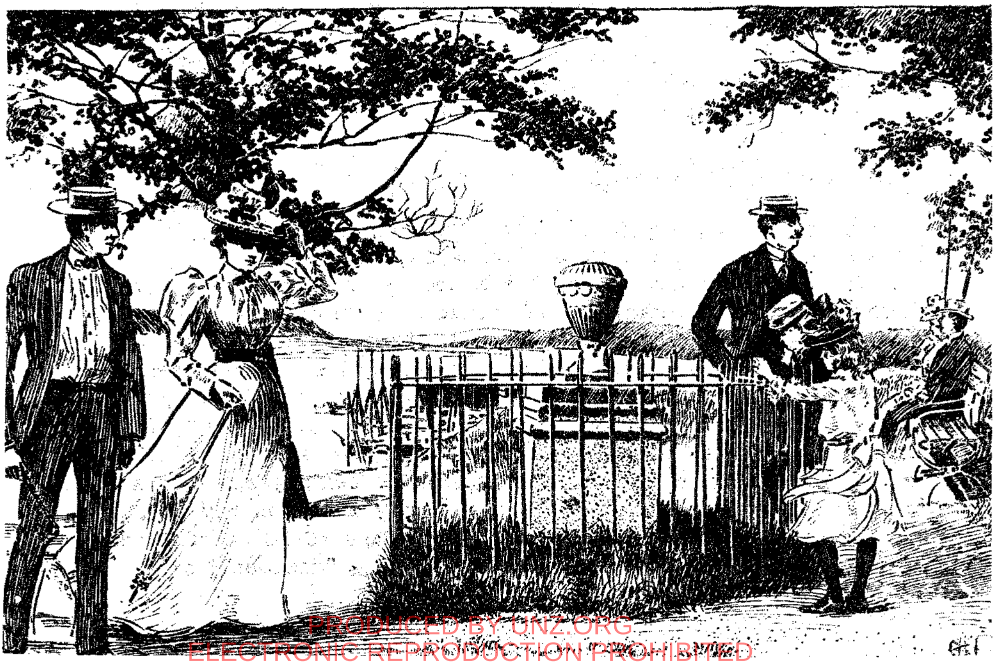
ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF AN AMIABLE CHILD
ST. CLAIRE POLLOCK DIED 15 JULY 1797
IN THE FIFTH YEAR OF HIS AGE

They marked the spot with a boundary fence and a marble urn, as a testament of love that has survived years of wars, changes and upheavals. The Civil War came and passed, and General Ulysses S. Grant was laid to rest nearby in an imposing gray tomb.

No strawberries grow on Strawberry Hill today. The sprawling Pollock estate has given way to a municipal park. But the City of New York, under no obligation but sentimentality, continues to care for the grounds surrounding the grave—at a cost of $100 a year—trimming and replanting its ivy when needed.

Children who ordinarily might have no qualms about defacing city property keep their distance from this lonely grave in seeming deference. And many an adult, reading its short, tender inscription, wonders about this "amiable" Irish boy who rests under the nearby protection of General Grant and the mother-figure of the Statue of Liberty, farther to the South.

Strange chance! One child remembered yet,
One, only, of his day;
One child for whom the eyes grow wet
Because he could not stay.
Strange chance! For one who led no cause
Who only lived and died—
To lie here in Oblivion's pause
By the great Captain's side.



This is the first installment of a special new section prepared for the readers of Coronet by a leading expert in family money-management and consumer problems. Featuring authoritative advice and timely information on the earning, saving, investing and spending of money, Money-Wise—we are sure—will prove invaluable in helping you achieve that goal of every family — living better for less.

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

DISABILITY INSURANCE: the bargain that most vets pass up

Whether they do not know about it or do not appreciate the value, most veterans are passing up a bargain in total-disability insurance. A man who has kept his GI insurance in force can have added to it a rider paying him $50 a month on a $10,000 policy—or $5 for each $1,000 worth of insurance—if he becomes totally disabled. Disability payments would be made up to the man's 60th birthday or to the end of the premium-paying period. The cost, as with all GI insurance, is remarkably reasonable: from $10 to $20 a year for a man of 38. The disability rider is especially valuable for industrial workers and men who must pay extra-high rates for disability insurance.

You do have to pass a physical exam, which the Veterans Administration provides free—not a bad deal in itself.

SECOND MORTGAGES: danger signals are flying

In some areas, one out of three purchases of older houses is being financed not by one mortgage, but two.

You can buy a new house this summer with nothing down (in the case of a veteran) and as little as $500 down for a non-GI. But banks and mortgagees generally lend only 75 percent of the appraised value of older houses, and sometimes less. The appraisal often is lower than the actual selling price. Thus, if you want to buy a house appraised at $18,000, for example, you can probably get a new mortgage of about $13,000.

If you seek to meet part of that $5,000 down payment with a second mortgage, you find that not only must you pay a higher interest rate for a second mortgage (6-10 percent compared to 4 3/4-6 for first mortgages), but a "discount" or other concealed charge. Thus, you might borrow $2,500 on a second mortgage, but sign a contract to repay $2,800. You even pay interest on the $300 you did not get.

Best strategy for a house-hunter: put down as much as you can. Ask the seller to take back a small second mortgage. The rate should be no more than 6 percent, and without any discount.

This arrangement enables you to take over the existing first mortgage with no closing costs, and at the low rates, often under 5 percent, of older mortgages. More and more private sellers and buyers are making such deals between themselves.

But, be sure you can handle the payments on two mortgages. If you must allot an exceptional slice of income, you risk losing your investment in case of an income cut.

MUTUAL FUNDS: how to find the best payers

Mutual funds are one of the fastest-growing speculative investments because they give a small investor diversification and relieve him of worry over when to buy, sell or sit still.

Any securities salesman will help you select a fund best-suited to your investment aims (high income now or future growth). But for information on which of several suitable funds might be most successful, you may have to do your own sleuthing.

One guide to how a fund may fare in the future is: how did it do in the past? The Government requires that investment companies tell you the performance record, as well as the amount of commission or "load" you are being charged. A salesman may push a particular mutual fund with enthusiasm because it pays him more commission. But he is required by investment laws to supply comparative facts about all the funds he represents, if the buyer desires them. Besides these facts, here are information sources professional investors consult:

You can find a listing of all mutual funds and past records of many of them in the Arthur Wiesenberger & Company "Investment Companies" compilation. This bible of the investment trade costs $25, but can be examined at offices of investment dealers or bank investment departments.

You also can learn acquisition costs, investment objectives and some facts on past performances from the "Mutual Fund Directory" published by The Dealers Digest Publishing Company, 150 Broadway, New York, N. Y., at $2.

It is illegal to do so, but salesmen often lump dividends and capital gains and say, "Such-and-such a fund yielded 8 percent last year." Capital gains are the profits a fund makes by buying and selling stocks, in contrast to the more dependable "investment income" (dividends they collect). Nor may salesmen legally try to predict a fund's future earnings. They get around that by showing the record of the past ten years and saying, "Doesn't that look good, Mr. Jones?"

That is where our second yardstick comes in. The "Johnson's Investment Company Charts" book measures possible loss each fund might suffer during market breaks. It is an expensive $35, but you can consult investment dealers' copies.

SMALL CARS: can they solve your cost squeeze?

Until recently, most Americans recommended small cars for the other fellow.

But by spring, 1958, one of every 16 new cars sold was an import and U. S. manufacturers were scurrying to bring in more of the small cars they themselves make in other countries. The success of the '58 Rambler drove the point home. Sales of this most-compact U. S. model boomed more than 60 percent, in a bad year for cars, to become the seventh most-bought American make.

Is a small car for you?

Chief advantage is the 30-35 miles per gallon, compared to the 14-18 of many standard-size makes. If you do the typical 9,000 miles a year, you will save about $90 on fuel.

Most lower-priced imports range from $1,500 to $1,900 for the four-door models, and the list prices are fairly firm. In comparison, the lowest-priced standard-size American makes list at $2,000 to $2,300, with dealer discounts available. In fact, the standard-size Studebaker Scotsman, at about $1,800, costs little more than some of the smaller imports. Or a year-old American car can be bought for less than most of the small cars.

Many people worry about the safety of small cars in a country of 200-inch, 200-horsepower dreadnaughts. One U.S. test-car driver points out that smaller bodies actually have more tensile strength than large ones. There is less steel but it is distributed over a smaller area. Too, a lighter car strikes a stationary obstacle with less force. The firm steering and maneuverability of the smaller cars are another safety asset.

But in a collision, the bigger fellow still has the safety edge, and also a better chance of being noticed by trucks.

Since small imported cars do not drop in value quite as fast as U.S. stock cars, you save on depreciation. But you are likely to pay more for repairs. Importers have partly licked the service problem by providing parts kits, instruction booklets, and parts depots at strategic spots. But still, service is not available in every town, and some small-car specialists charge high prices for repairs.

The chart shows you how much horsepower and size you can get at different price levels in representative small economy cars. Prices are approximate only and subject to change.

HOW LOWER-PRICED SMALL CARS LINE UP

	Price*	Cylinders	H.P.	Wheel base	Over-all length	Over-all width	Miles per gallon**
Anglia	$1,539	4	36	87"	151"	61"	35
Volkswagen	$1,545	4	36	94½	160	61	32-35
Austin A-35	$1,599	4	34	79½	136½	55	35-40
Renault Dauphine	$1,645	4	32	89	155	60	35-40
Simca Aronde de luxe	$1,645	4	48	96	162	61	35
Fiat 1100	$1,655	4	43	92	150	59	30-35
Hillman Special	$1,699	4	51	96	160	60	35
Morris Minor 1000	$1,705	4	37	86	148	61	42
Metropolitan	$1,731	4	52	85	149½	61½	35
Rambler American	$1,789	6	90	100	178	73	30
Saab	$1,895	3	38	98	158	62	35-40
Vauxhall	$1,957	4	55	98	167	62	30
Taunus	$2,016	4	67	102½	172	66	30-35

*Manufacturers' suggested retail price, in most cases for lowest-priced sedan, not including transportation from coast P.O.E., local taxes or optional equipment.

**Maximum miles per gallon under favorable conditions, as claimed by the manufacturer.

KITS: now you can assemble any electronic instrument

Hobbyists, experimenters, or people with a little know-how who want to save some money nowadays can assemble almost any electronic gadget from a kit. A kit for a one-transistor pocket radio, the size of a cigarette package, including transistor, battery and case will cost you only about $2.50, plus about $2.25 for headphones and $1 for an antenna kit.

You can buy a kit of parts for an electronic photoflash outfit for your camera for under $30; a shortwave radio set for less than $20, including the cabinet; or the parts for a two-way intercom system for electronic baby-sitting or house-to-garage communication for $14.75.

Hi-fi enthusiasts can assemble their own two-way speaker systems from kits that include a finished cabinet, woofers, tweeters and other vital parts for as little as $50.

Some of the potential savings in kits are fascinating. A kit for a rear-deck radio speaker for your car costs as little as $3.75. If you order one as optional equipment on a new car, it sets you back $16 to $21.

BUDGETS: where does your money go?

Many of us today are trying to fit our budgets to obsolete ideas of what necessities should cost, like the familiar "25 percent for rent, 10 for clothes, 3 for the doctor." The fact is, different items have gone up at different rates. Thus, you may have to allow more for housing and medical care in 1958, and less for clothing.

Here are the approximate figures, showing where a typical city family's money goes today, in comparison to where it went:

	Food	Housing & furn.	Clothes	Transportation	Medical care	Personal care	Recreation	Misc.
1947-49	40.9%	25.7	12.1	6.8	3.2	2.4	2.7	6.2
1958	28.6%	32.9	9.0	11.5	5.3	2.2	5.3	5.2

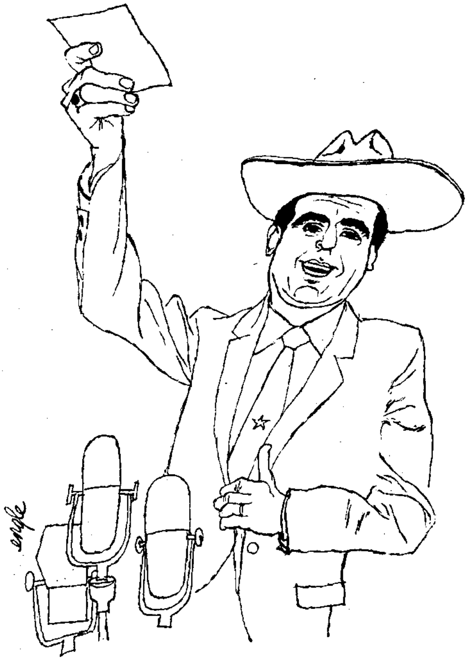
What actually does it cost to live these days? Coronet has brought up to date the "modest but adequate" budget for a family of four that the Government's experts figured out in 1950. The cost now runs from $4,270 a year in Scranton, Pennsylvania, to $4,865 in San Francisco, which has displaced Washington, D. C., as the nation's most expensive city.

SHIRTS: how to make yours stay cleaner longer

A white powder called CMC—short for carboxymethyl cellulose—has long been used in commercial fabric finishing to make shirts and other cottons look good in the stores. It is now available for home use in new clothing finishes that will keep shirts cleaner longer.

Tests at Texas Agricultural Experiment Station showed that, of various finishes for family use, CMC keeps cotton garments clean longest. It also makes garments easier to wash since the CMC-coated fibers shed dirt quicker.

Nor need the usefulness of such finishes stop with clothing. They can make cotton curtains and drapes more soil-resistant and crisper-looking. Linen-supply companies even use CMC to give a protective finish to bed sheets.



TEXAS REBEL with a cause

Himself a victim of prejudice, Henry Gonzalez' battle in behalf of minorities is stirring Texas

by HART STILWELL

MUNCHING from time to time on a handful of raisins, Henry B. Gonzalez, a bushy-browed lawyer from San Antonio, stood on the floor of the Texas State Senate last spring and led one of the longest, most controversial filibusters in the history of Southern politics.

Traditionally, the filibuster has been used by the South to block civil rights legislation. But this time, for 36 hours and two minutes, State Senator Gonzalez, aided by Senator Abraham Kazen of Laredo, gave the talkathon a novel twist: he used it to campaign for Negro rights and against ten bills that would strengthen race segregation in Texas schools.

This summer, Senator Gonzalez went a big step further. Challenging the Democratic state organization to quit "pussyfooting" on integration, he entered the gubernatorial primary in a bold bid to defeat Governor Price Daniel, who was seeking re-election. By his action, Gonzalez, the outspoken advocate of integration and the first Texan of Mexican descent to serve in the State Senate since 1892, brought the racial issue squarely before the voters. Privately, Gonzalez felt he had little chance of winning the nomination. "But I wanted to force Governor Daniel and the other candidates to make it clear where they stand," he says.

Unlike most Southern states, Texas has a unique race problem, one that is not merely a struggle between the Negro and white communities. There is a potentially powerful third force: over 700,000 citizens of Mexican parentage, many of whom also have been discriminated against for years.

Himself a victim of this prejudice, the 42-year-old Gonzalez is the chief spokesman for the Mexican minority and for downtrodden groups throughout Texas. A fiery vote-getter, his stand against what he calls a "Cornpone Curtain" of race discrimination has earned him the title of "The Texas-Mexican Patrick Henry." Gonzalez represents a new type of leadership for the Latin Americans of the Southwest as he seeks to unite all minority groups in a fight for equality.

Should this coalition of Texas-Mexicans, Negroes, organized labor and independent liberals become a reality, it could spell the balance of power—if not an outright majority—in America's largest state.

During the 22 hours he himself filibustered, Gonzalez, speaking extemporaneously, discussed the history of race hatred over a period of 5,000 years, then the more specific problems that exist today. He told how, in 1953, while a member of the San Antonio city council, he and his family were ejected from a "restricted" picnic area near New Braunfels.

"The Irish have a saying," Gonzalez concluded, hoarsely, " 'It is easy to sleep on another man's wounds.' Well, what's the difference? Mexican, Negro, what have you? The assault on the inward dignity of man has been made. For whom does the bell toll? You, the white man, think it tolls for the Negro. I say, the bell tolls for you. It is ringing for all of us."

In Texas, these are fighting words.

And Henry Gonzalez seems ready, willing—and able—to fight.

During the regular session of the legislature in 1957, Gonzalez succeeded in blocking passage of all but two of the ten race bills up for consideration. One of the bills that did pass provided for local elections on integration, and the other laid the groundwork for the assignment of school pupils in such a manner as to maintain segregation where desired. In the first election held under the new law, in a small community south of San Antonio, the vote ran about ten to one in favor of integration.

At a special legislative session late in 1957, however, three more race bills were passed, despite a 20-hour, one-man filibuster by Gonzalez.

One of these laws authorizes the Texas Attorney General to aid any school district in any legal action against integration. Another gives the governor power to close any school threatened by violence, and also provides for distribution of state funds for out-of-classroom teaching. A third law requires that any organization that hinders state control of public schools must furnish county judges with a list of its members, thus hamstringing groups like the NAACP in any court bid to challenge the constitutionality of the Texas race statutes.

In the State Senate, Gonzalez attacked all three bills as unconstitutional, and urged that they be submitted to the Attorney General for a ruling on their legality. He also pointed out that the proposals could be used to segregate not only the Negro, but the Texas-Mexican as well. But the bills were enacted and signed by Governor Price Daniel.

So it would seem that Senator Gonzalez lost his fight. But he did not. What he lost was a skirmish; the war still went on.

THE EMERGENCE of Henry Gonzalez as a political maverick has dismayed and shocked many Texans. If they had given some thought to the pain and insults endured by a bright young man of Mexican ancestry, they would not have been surprised to see Gonzalez stand up as a champion of another racial minority.

Henry B. Gonzalez was born in San Antonio, 42 years ago. His family came there in 1911 from the Mexican village of Mapimi, where his father had been mayor. In San Antonio, the elder Gonzalez was managing editor of *La Prensa,* a Spanish-language newspaper, until his recent retirement.

From the age of ten, Gonzalez worked hard. On one job he toiled 75 hours a week for $11.50. And he had ample opportunity to see racial discrimination in action. He was called a "greaser" and barred from many places reserved "for whites only." (Today, even though discrimination against Mexicans has been outlawed by the courts and is no longer practiced openly, it continues in devious ways.)

After graduating from San Antonio Junior College, Gonzalez attended the University of Texas, where he studied engineering. But it was during the depression, and when Gonzalez lost two part-time jobs he had to return to San Antonio. There, he enrolled in St. Mary's University law school and emerged with a law degree. He has, however, never practiced law.

In the interval, he married. He and his wife now have seven children, ranging in age from three to 17. They live in an old, unpretentious frame house in a low-rent section of San Antonio, where most of the residents are Texas-Mexicans.

For several years, Gonzalez worked as a juvenile probation officer, finally becoming chief probation officer for Bexar County. He liked the work but quit when the county judge refused to let him employ a Negro to serve on an equal basis with the rest of the staff.

He worked for the San Antonio Public Housing Authority for a time, then, in 1950, became a candidate for the lower house of the state legislature. He was a political unknown, and, as the late Texan politician Maury Maverick put it, he was "running barefoot," that is, he had no money. He spent $270 in the campaign, $70 of it on his filing fee.

To the astonishment of everybody, Gonzalez almost won. So in 1953, a group of businessmen asked him to run for the San Antonio City Council. The economically dominant Anglo-American group had long been accustomed to practically hiring bright young Texas-Mexicans as their legislative front-men.

In a matter of weeks, however, Gonzalez was orating about justice, equality, slum clearance and reform generally. It was gently suggested that he resign and take any one of a number of good jobs that would be made available to him. But Gonzalez refused.

In 1956, after offering the ordinance that finally removed all laws on segregation in city facilities, Gonzalez resigned from the city council to run for the State Senate.

He won by a small margin in the primary and then swamped his Republican opponent in the general election.

In the State Senate, Gonzalez is a prodigious worker. The filibusters were the spectacular side. But he also has enacted an astonishing amount of progressive legislation.

Most significant is a slum-clearance bill, which he pushed through in spite of an unfavorable committee report. It was designed for his country, but can be effective in most of Texas and may pave the way for similar legislation in other states.

But despite his legislative record, it is as a phrase-maker and orator that Gonzalez has caught the public fancy. He actually likes rough-and-tumble political battles. His sharp sense of humor helps him come through them in good shape.

Often Gonzalez' neatly turned phrases are borrowed, but many times they are his own. Opponents have also discovered that he is a dangerous man in a battle of words, since he speaks English, Spanish, Portuguese, Latin and a smattering of Greek.

"If we fear long enough, we hate," he said, in denouncing race prejudice. "If we hate long enough, we fight."

When warned that forcing integration on Texas would bring trouble to the Negro, Gonzalez retorted, "Falling out of bed means nothing if you're already sleeping on the floor."

When another lawmaker urged moderation in spending, Henry said he loved moderation, "but my definition of it is not a 65¢-a-day food budget for mental patients."

"They charge that I am unstable," Henry Gonzalez says, smiling. "What they mean is that they can't tell me what to do. And when they say I am financially irresponsible, they mean I would rather remain poor than sell out."

Charged with being a left-winger, Gonzalez replied that he was a baseball pitcher and always threw right-handed. When accused of advocating "creeping socialism," he said the only thing about him that did any creeping was his shorts. It was corn, but effective corn.

Gonzalez is openly opposed to such hyphenated terms as "Latin-American," and likes to quote Maury Maverick's statement that "a Latin-American is a Mexican with a poll-tax receipt."

The two questions that are asked most often about Henry Gonzalez are: 1) How does he make a living? 2) What is his political future?

There is no mystery about the way he earns his livelihood. He has never made more than $6,000 a year in his life, but he can get along on that in a town where there are thousands of families living on less than half as much.

He maintains a small office in a low-rent building, where he does Spanish-English translation for radio, TV and other clients, and also some bookkeeping. He is constantly in demand as an after-dinner speaker and could make a living at that alone.

When the State Senate is in session, he drives the 70 miles to and from Austin daily, facetiously commenting that he does so in order to protect himself against lobbyists. Actually, he is a strong family man and wants to be at home.

If Gonzalez ultimately runs for Congress, as some political observers believe he will, it would mean opposing the veteran Representative Paul Kilday, a strong candidate. Kilday has been ill recently, however, and if he should decide to retire, Gonzalez would have an excellent chance of election. He would have the solid backing of the Negroes, the Texas-Mexicans (except a few in the higher economic brackets who resent his efforts to class them with the Negroes), organized labor and the liberal wing of the Democratic Party.

Even if Gonzales never arrives on the national scene, his influence already is being felt in Texas. Public officials and candidates for state offices are becoming far more discreet in taking a stand in favor of segregation.

And it must be remembered that integration of the Negro in the public schools of Texas was progressing satisfactorily until some state officials came out openly against it.

So Senator Gonzalez, a Texas-Mexican Patrick Henry, will continue to preach what many Southerners consider "treason": state laws which guarantee that a man, regardless of race or color or religion, can hold up his head in the knowledge that he is a first-class citizen.

Paying the Penalty

A MAN, WHO IN HIS NATIVE TOWN had been periodically arrested and fined for disturbing the peace while tipsy, got into similar trouble in London and was fined 40 shillings.

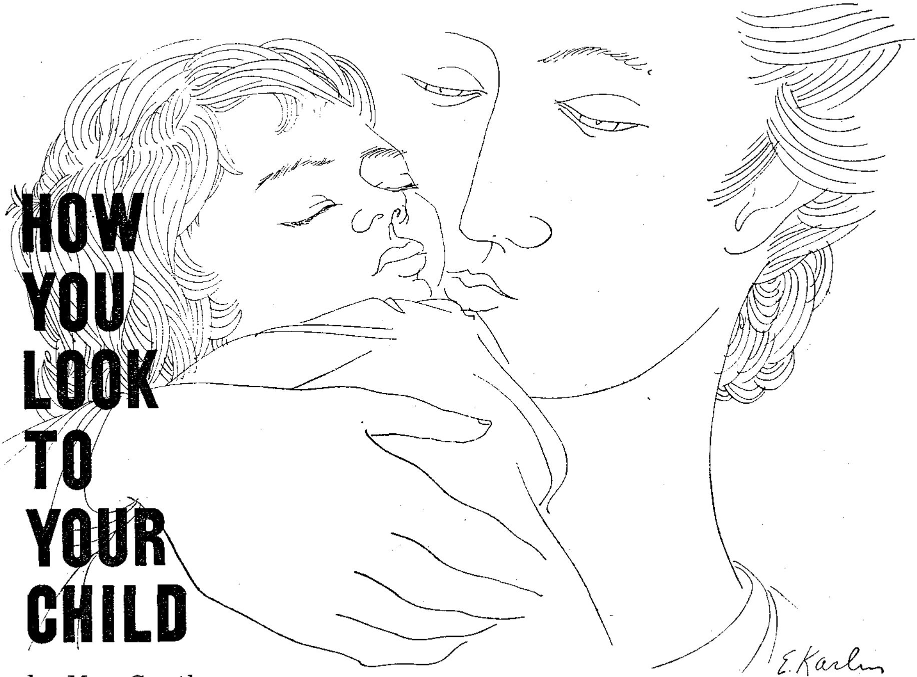
"Your worship," he protested, "may I point out that at home I am fined only ten shillings for this same offense?"

"You can hardly expect," replied the magistrate, "to have a London celebration at small-town prices."

—FRANK FORDE

A YOUNG MARINE PRIVATE with a spotted service record was making one of his frequent appearances before a courts-martial board at Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. As he arose to enter his plea, the court reporter adjusted his steno-mask and switched on his electric wire recorder. Just as the accused pleaded, "Not Guilty," the wire recorder shorted out and blew up in a cloud of black smoke.

—D. D. KIER



HOW YOU LOOK TO YOUR CHILD

by *Max Gunther*

LOOK AT THE MAN or woman sitting across the room from you, your husband or wife. What do you see? Another human being—different from you, of course, but different in ways that you can at least dimly understand.

Is this what your small child sees? Not at all, according to psychiatrists, psychologists and teachers.

To your child, you parents are beings totally alien to his own nature. You are, in every sense of the word, gods. Your motives are mysterious, your methods incomprehensible. You are to be loved and feared more than anybody or anything else.

If you want to understand what goes on in that little head, you must stop assuming he sees you as an individual with hopes and fears, good traits and bad. To your pre-schooler or early grader, you are something remarkably different:

You belong to a different race of beings. "A child doesn't usually think of adults as children who have grown older," says consulting psychologist Dr. George Cohen, who does much of his work in schools. "In a child's short lifespan, his parents have not changed perceptibly. He has no basis for believing they were once children."

"A child lives in the present," says guidance counselor Joan Kopf of the Teaneck, New Jersey, school system. "Anything as far away as growing up is completely beyond imagining."

You are unlike other adults. You

are more godlike. For example, take the question of sex. Somewhere between the ages of eight and 12, the typical child gets a superficial understanding of sexual relations. But according to many psychologists, the average child can't accept the fact that they take place between his parents.

You are eternal. Since you have existed all through your child's life, he assumes that you have existed forever and will go on existing forever. He doesn't think of you as having ever been born. As for death, he may talk about it and play games involving it, but he doesn't really comprehend it.

Mrs. Etta Eckberg, veteran first-to-third grade teacher, tells of a time when a little girl was taken to a funeral parlor to see her grandmother, who was lying in her coffin. Mrs. Eckberg was much concerned that the experience might be too much for the youngster. But the girl returned to school wreathed in smiles.

"There were flowers everywhere," she said, her voice full of wonder. "And Grandmother was beautiful."

Children cling to the idea that adults are eternal, psychologists say, because the idea spells security: Mom and Dad will always be here to take care of me.

With an infant up to the age of two or three, only one parent is necessary—in psychiatric terms, a "mother figure." This figure can be either a man or a woman, but must be with the baby as constantly, and give him as much affection, as a real mother.

If the baby has no mother figure to care for him during his first 18 months to three years of life, psychiatrists say, he may totally lose—or never develop—his ability to "relate" with other people—to form deep, affectionate relationships with them. This tragic crippling may last throughout the child's later life, even affecting his ability to form a successful marriage.

When a child reaches the age of three, psychiatrists say, he needs two parents. Boys, especially, desperately need fathers at this time. If a boy's father dies, leaves the family or even merely refuses the boy his love, the boy hunts frantically for a father-substitute, attaching himself to any man who happens to be around. If he can't find a substitute, he may be in for various kinds of psychopathic trouble—among them, homosexuality.

Dr. Cohen tells of an eight-year-old boy, living with his divorced mother, who became a severe problem in school. He wouldn't learn, spent his time in class just sitting dully, and was rude.

"All boys need a man whom they can emulate, who can show them standards of masculine behavior. He had none," says Dr. Cohen. "We solved the problem by shifting him to a class with a male teacher. He took the teacher as a father-substitute and straightened out like magic."

You are omnipotent. The difference between your power and your child's is so huge, to him, that it is beyond measuring.

Dr. Richard Gordon, a psychiatrist who frequently works with children, points out that all the physical wants of a child are supplied to him, magically, by his parents.

"Imagine yourself," says Dr. Gordon, "in a situation where a genie stands by you, ready to give you all the wealth you want. You don't know where or how he gets the things you ask for; you only know that when you want them, there they are. To your child, you are that genie."

When a little boy finds he can't lift a heavy box, for instance, and then sees his father heft it with ease, he concludes that his father is infinitely strong. It does not occur to him that his father might not have been able to budge the box if it had been 50 pounds heavier.

These limitless powers of yours extend to all areas of activity. With them, you can make a car run. You can make flowers grow. You can produce an endless supply of money from your pockets.

Capabilities even more wondrous than that are up your sleeve. One little girl was convinced her mother had the fairy-like power to change face and form at will. Most of the time, her mother went around the house in old clothes and without make-up.

Suddenly, one night, the little girl woke up after an hour's sleep and saw her mother in full evening dress. The change was so striking that the child thought of it as achieved by magic, not by cosmetics and dress.

"My mommy made herself into a queen, and she was almost up to the ceiling," she reported breathlessly to her teacher.

Even if your child asks you to do something you can't do—such as make the rain stop—he's unlikely to change his notions in a hurry. Psychiatrists point out that your omnipotence means security for him; he *wants* to believe in it. He may often boil with rage over his helplessness under it, but he nonetheless takes comfort from it. It means that nothing bad can happen to him while you are around.

It is a well-known fact that children feel safer in danger situations with their parents than without them. What is less well known is that they feel far safer with both parents than with only one.

The fact that the family is together is in itself a guarantee of security for children.

When the ocean liner *Andrea Doria* sank two years ago off the Atlantic coast, children who went into lifeboats with their mothers alone seemed far worse off for the experience than children who stayed with both parents through the crisis. This gave rise to talk of changing the age-old sea custom of putting women and children into the boats first.

You made the world. It is a common belief among small children that their parents, together with other adults, built the world and control all events in it.

In his first months of life, many psychologists think, a baby doesn't distinguish between himself and the rest of the world; then, slowly, he becomes aware that there are limits to his size and scope, and that where he ends, something else begins. This something else, the world, is obviously organized exclusively for his benefit: when he's hungry, food is put in his mouth; when he's wet and un-comfortable, suddenly he is made dry again.

Then he begins to recognize the existence of a third entity: Mother. It is she, he now sees, who gives him food and makes him comfortable. She created the world and is running it for him.

A little later, the baby notes that Mother has a habit of changing back and forth between two different forms. One is soft, gentle and sweet-smelling; the other, harder and rougher. There's a fourth entity now —Father.

As the infant grows, he comes hard up against a disconcerting new fact: Mother, Father and the world, it turns out, are not in existence for his exclusive benefit. There are things he is not permitted to do.

Slowly, a new awareness dawns: Mother and Father didn't make the world for him, but for some other, unfathomable purpose. He doesn't rule it; they do.

You can read the future. Just as your child finds it hard to distinguish between the artificial and the natural, he can't easily tell the difference between what is scheduled and what happens by chance.

"Many times during the average day," says Dr. Cohen, "a child is told by his parents that certain things are going to happen: a man is coming to fix the washing machine; there's going to be a special cartoon show on television. When these predictions come true, day after day, the child assumes his parents know all of the future."

You are telepathic. If your child is under six or seven, he probably assumes you are privy to his innermost thoughts. One teacher tells of a little boy who seemed hesitant about going home each afternoon. Investigation showed that he had a good home, wise and loving parents.

The trouble turned out to be a baby sister. The boy was jealous of her, indulged in fantasies that involved injury to her. He was quite certain his parents had tuned in on these fantasies and were only awaiting the right moment to punish him.

Your methods are beyond understanding. Until a child reaches the third or fourth grade of school, psychologists say, the world is full of tremendous mysteries beyond understanding.

For instance, a youngster watches his mother pick up the telephone, dial, and—magically—talk to Dad. Later, the child tries it for himself, gets nothing but a loud buzz. The only explanation possible is that Mom and Dad are capable of feats that can't be duplicated or understood.

Your motives are mysterious. To live in a civilized society, we must compromise many of our basic biological urges. This is an acutely painful process for the child, for he can't hope to understand the reasons for all the strange regulations and taboos.

Why must he be toilet-trained, when nature's command is so strong that it hurts? Why can't he simply take what he wants?

One by one, his strong urges are squashed by the mysterious will of his parents. Take weaning, for instance. Psychiatrist Dr. William V. Silverberg probed children's explanations of this unhappy crisis and reported them in an analytical book, "Childhood Experience and Personal Destiny." One explanation, he found, was "I'm unattractive and Mom doesn't like me any more. Mom is saving her milk for Dad because she likes him better." That Mom has simply run out of milk seldom occurs to a child.

You are completely virtuous. According to the noted Swiss child psychologist, Dr. Jean Piaget, most young children believe their parents are incapable of doing anything wrong or evil. Even when a child is unjustly punished for something he did not do, he may end by convincing himself he really did it rather than give up the comforting notion of utter goodness in his parents.

Everything depends on your love. The most powerful force in your youngster's life is his desire for your love and approval. His need for them is so overpowering that he will compromise his basic urges for them. He will hold in check his strong, healthy urge for independence, for example, because he knows you will not approve his disobeying orders.

Even when your youngster shouts, "I hate you!" it may be because he needs your love. According to one psychologist, this is often the enraged cry of a child who is hopelessly trapped, and knows it. He is trapped by his desperate need for your love—a need that forces him to submit to your domination.

According to Dr. Silverberg, the choice between independence and obedience may be seen by the child as a "tragic" choice. Neither solution to the problem brings complete happiness. If the child chooses independence, he loses his parents' love—at least, in his view. If he chooses obedience, he keeps the life-giving love but loses his self-esteem, for this solution is cowardly rather than heroic.

Most children choose the cowardly course most of the time. This is how powerful you are. Virtually no sacrifice is too great if it means holding your love.

IN SEPTEMBER CORONET

HOW TO HANDLE A MONEY CRISIS

One man panicked—and lost all. Another kept his head—and lost little. An expert tells how you, too, can avoid disaster and heartache in a financial crisis.

YOU CAN LIVE LONGER!

Do you realize the vital importance of a regular medical check-up—even when you're feeling fine? Learn why there is no better life insurance.

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A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

Do you know all about A—from "aardvark" to "azygous"? Guest Quizmistress Patrice Munsel (one "A" and eight consonants in her name) supplies the clues and the A's in the word game below. Can you fill in the consonants? asks Miss Munsel, star of her own ABC-TV program (Fridays, 9:30 p.m.). Answers on pg. 139.

THE A'S HAVE IT

1. A street full of shops	— a — aa —
2. Fodder useful to farmers	a — — a — — a
3. A sleeping garment	— a — a — a —
4. A treeless plain	— a — a — — a
5. When the Spanish do everything	— a — a — a
6. A steep waterfall	— a — a — a — —
7. A city in Burma, celebrated in song	— a — — a — a —
8. A fleet of ships	a — — a — a
9. A good-for-nothing person	— — a — a — a —
10. A ruling prince in India	— a — a — a — a —
11. A white grape	— a — a — a
12. A spicy seed	— a — a — a —
13. A bathhouse	— a — a — a
14. A group of pilgrims	— a — a — a —
15. A popular island in New York	— a — — a — — a —
16. Oriental greeting meaning "Peace"	— a — aa —
17. A large colored handkerchief	— a — — a — — a
18. A state of the South	A — a — a — a
19. A tropical melonlike fruit	— a — a — a
20. A fruit popular with men and monkeys	— a — a — a
21. A peninsula near Manila	— a — aa —
22. Land of promise	— a — aa —
23. A fine hat made from a palmlike plant	— a — a — a
24. An atoll in the Gilbert Islands	— a — a — a
25. The great desert	— a — a — a
26. A quack or a cheat	— — a — — a — a —
27. The mountain on which Noah's Ark rested	A — a — a —

The sky is the limit as our "C-Men" battle a plot by Soviet agents to grab off borax—a mineral vital to the sputnik program

Our secret war against Soviet smugglers

by Louis I. Freed

BEHIND THE RACE for outer space is an unceasing cloak-and-dagger struggle practically unknown to the American public. To the winner may go—the moon.

Pitted against the Kremlin's cunning in this tense cold war are a handful of dedicated men in the U.S. Department of Commerce—America's economic secret service. The feat they performed in bedeviling Russia's rocket program is one they were not even conscious of when they first cracked down on the sudden excessive export from the U.S. of *borax*—heretofore a relatively unimportant mineral.

These "C-Men," as they are sometimes called, are headed by a skillful, mild-mannered, youthful-looking attorney, John P. Hebrew. Officially, his title is: Agent-in-Charge, Investigation Staff, Bureau of Foreign Commerce.

John Hebrew's job, and that of his small staff of experts, is to balk the Kremlin's multi-billion-dollar effort to smuggle out our strategic minerals, metals, chemicals and machinery. . . .

It is one thing to be able to manufacture rockets, another to fuel them so they can be successfully ascended into outer space. Sometime late in 1952, Russia's rocket scientists, unhappy over the difficulties encountered with liquid fuels, experimented with solid-type "zip fuels." They discovered that borax had 50 percent more energy per pound than petroleum fuels. Mixed with certain additives, its thrust power was terrific.

Until a few years ago, borax (known chemically as sodium borate) was used primarily in the glass-making and ceramics industries, and by manufacturers of washing compounds. By a phenomenon of nature, almost 95 percent of the world's known deposits of borax, a naturally occurring mineral, was placed in almost pure form in the Death Valley region of the U.S.

Thus, when the Russian scientists informed the Kremlin that they wanted borax—and plenty of it—what became the biggest and most lavishly financed smuggling operation the world has ever known was started. Its target—our borax.

The job of getting it was given by the Kremlin to a "trade organization" known only by its initials—"GSOWG"—which they had set up in Potsdam. It is actually nothing more than headquarters for a worldwide ring of Communist smugglers and has branch offices in leading West European cities such as Munich, Frankfort, Bonn, Düsseldorf, Zurich, Bern, Brussels and Paris.

The GSOWG is staffed with economic, financial and technical experts; as well as spies, murderers and experts at forgery. The latter department forges commercial papers and documents, import licenses, firm stamps and signatures, Government seals and Customs clearance stamps, passports and identification cards, as well as many other things.

The borax assignment looked like a pushover, for the U.S. was not controlling its exportation. And large-scale shipments should arouse nobody's curiosity since it was an "unimportant" mineral.

Nevertheless, elaborate purchasing schedules, with slight but significant monthly increases, were set up. Every precaution was taken to avoid arousing the suspicion which sudden large-scale purchases would have caused.

A courier contacted agents in Switzerland, Belgium, Frankfort, Hamburg and Vienna.

More than 50 dummy West European import firms were immediately set up, as well as several real firms in England, Canada and the U.S. And, early in 1953, legitimate-appearing orders for large tonnages of borax began being received by American export houses from all parts of the free world. Mostly, they came from known and established importing firms. They all called for delivery direct to the importer's country.

None of the orders hinted of possible trans-shipments; and all were backed by valid letters of credit—the currency of international trade.

The big borax drive was on—cost be hanged! And it was. The devious routes these shipments had to take to reach Russia put the delivered cost of the borax close to $2 per pound. In the U.S. it can be purchased for a few cents per pound.

While scanning the U.S. Census Bureau's monthly statistical reports, which list all our exports and imports, John Hebrew and his economic secret service noticed slight monthly increases in world demand for borax. This was not considered unusual in the light of the growing population and improving economic conditions. But, like all commodities showing regular monthly increases in shipments, it was watched.

By September of 1953, world-wide demand for the mineral had increased by 50 percent over 1952 figures. An immediate investigation was ordered, and C-Men were dispatched to our great foreign trade ports of New York and San Francisco.

There they visited export houses and looked over borax orders received and shipped against. They also examined the correspondence accompanying the orders and the commercial documents involved in the shipments.

They were searching for clues—something that would reveal to them what they suspected.

While these investigations were

going on at home, agents abroad were assigned to watch borax shipments destined for their ports. At the same time, the C-Men requested their overseas contacts to supply them with as much detailed information as possible about the import houses that had sent borax orders to our exporters.

From New York and San Francisco, C-Men traced the letters of credit, which exporters had received, back to the original issuing bank overseas. It was a big and complicated job. But it led to the same clue: the same bank name cropped up in each instance.

THIS Paris banking house was already known to our C-Men as a banking front for the GSOWG. It had been involved in every Communist smuggling action, from uranium to ball-bearings. And now it had opened letters of credit to the dummy import companies set up by GSOWG. In turn, these dummy companies had taken these credits to reputable banking houses in their own countries and had "back-to-back" letters of credit issued to, say, a Colombian firm, together with borax orders. The Colombian firm in turn took the credits to its bankers and issued back-to-back letters of credit to the American firm with which they had placed their borax orders.

While the Paris bank's connection with borax shipments was being tracked down, C-Men watching shipments of the mineral found that one going to Veracruz, Mexico, was off-loaded all right. The next day, however, a man claiming to be the "intermediate consignee," and showing papers to prove it, paid the Mexican firm for the shipment. Immediately after that, the borax was loaded on a vessel headed for the "free port" of Antwerp, where it could enter without any customs inspection or clearance and be shipped "in-transit" directly to Russia. This kind of trans-shipping was taking place at almost every specific port of destination.

In Europe, the economic secret service reported back to our Commerce Department that borax orders sent to American exporters came from reputable firms. However, these firms had received their orders from firms whose true identities could not be established.

On January 28, 1954, Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks ordered borax placed on the most rigid kind of export control. An export license was now required for each shipment. Applications for such licenses had to be accompanied by "end-use" statements. These had to be furnished by the ultimate user of the mineral. All intermediate consignees had to be identified on the applications, and exporters were required to certify that trans-shipments of the mineral would not take place. When this action was taken, there still was no connection between borax and Russian rocket experiments!

The Kremlin bosses now tried bribery and the forging of end-use statements. They set up new dummy firms, and bought control of established importing firms. They blackmailed employees of reputable European firms to do their bidding.

GSOWG agents, for example, contracted with an Englishman by the name of William Kurt Samuel Wallersteiner to get them borax, as well as other needed supplies. He was given $30,000,000 worth of orders to work on.

Using his Swiss firm for financial backing, he set up the Watford Chemical Corporation of New York City, complete with American employees; in Toronto he set up Watford Chemical Company (Canada), Ltd., complete with Canadian employees. In London he operated Watford Chemical Company, Ltd., as well as E. Tingley & Son, Ltd. He also set up some 45 dummy firms throughout Western Europe.

But Wallersteiner's elaborate operations were detected by John Hebrew and his men.

As the flow of borax to Russia became a tiny trickle, its black-market price kept going up. In desperation, the Kremlin smugglers adopted methods of greater refinement in their operations.

One such was the "decoy shipment," a calculated ruse.

The Russians knew the C-Men staff in Washington was very small, and that it could not cover all American exporters at one specific time. Why not, therefore, send *many* orders for *many* needed commodities from *many* world destinations to *many* American exporters at one time? A "saturation" attack.

But first, it was decided, some shipments of lesser importance should be tipped off to the C-Men. Chasing down the tip, apprehending the "suckered" American exporter—together with the saturation attack—would keep the C-Men so busy that all kinds of good smuggling would be possible.

The "sacrifice," John Hebrew believes, was a shipment of paraffin wax ostensibly destined for Switzerland. The ensnared American firm was to be the Baird Chemical Corporation of New York City.

The tip said that K. Burgi-Tobler & Company of Zurich had placed a large order for the paraffin with the Baird company. This material was to be trans-shipped, the tip related, and the Baird people had been advised of the possibility.

As was expected, the C-Men acted promptly when the tip came. Meanwhile, orders for precision instruments, machine tools, tin, industrial diamonds, roller-bearings, certain dyes and drugs, vanadium, tungsten, cobalt, chromium and, of course, borax, flooded American export houses. In turn, export license applications for these shipments flooded the Department of Commerce.

But the crafty Kremlinites made two mistakes. The first was that the Baird tip was too thorough, and thus made that investigation easy and quick. The second was that this sudden flood of export applications for highly strategic materials to destinations all over the world was suspicion-arousing, to say the least.

Commerce officials turned deaf ears to exporters demanding quick action on applications because of "expiring" letters of credit. Each application was thoroughly scrutinized; and denial of applications for export ran into millions of dollars worth of materials. The Swiss company's shipment of paraffin was seized by

U.S. Customs. Baird Chemicals Corporation was tried and given a *suspended* suspension of export privileges. And the GSOWG was not much better off than before.

Some 15 or so Americans each year get "careless" and are suspended from export privileges for varying periods of time. This isn't a bad record, considering that there are more than 7,000 active U.S. export firms. More important, though, this proves that the Kremlin smugglers are finding American exporters almost 99 and 9/10ths percent pure.

In catching these careless Americans, and in tracking down the Kremlin's smuggling operations, how successful *is* John Hebrew and his staff of economic secret service men? In terms of dollars in export applications denied and cargoes seized, the figure can well be over $1,000,000,000 each year—depending on the price-tag of the goods if delivery to Russia had been made.

But if Russia's "sputnik" schedule has been delayed by a lack of borax, or if some other Russian achievement is being delayed due to some needed part, or some material, which can only be purchased in these United States, then in terms of national security and world peace, John Hebrew and his men are phenomenally successful.

Money Matters

A BROADWAY CHARACTER showed up at one of his usual haunts wearing a sad expression.

"What's the matter?" he was asked by a friend.

"I just haven't any luck."

"Why?"

"Well, three weeks ago my grandfather died and left me $50,000."

"That's bad?" his friend asked.

"No. But two weeks ago my aunt died and left me $30,000 and last week an uncle left me $40,000."

"So, what's the beef?"

"This week," said the Broadwayite, with a shake of his head, "nothing."

—*Quote*

A GEORGIA BANK PRESIDENT recently discussed the American monetary system in an address before the local Rotary Club. The talk, quite technical, dealt with such profound subjects as the transfer of liabilities and assets of the Treasury Department, the Federal Reserve System, commercial banks, *etc.*

A few days later, he was approached by a fellow Rotarian who was a minister.

"That was a splendid talk you gave," smiled the clergyman. "But frankly, I didn't understand a word of it."

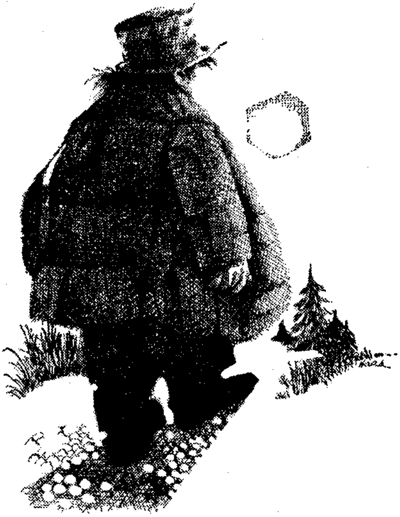
The bank president was equal to the occasion. "I can only tell you what you tell your listeners—have faith!"

—WILLIAM D. GUNTER, JR.

THE WANDERING LEATHER MAN

by Liam Dougherty

Atoning for his "sin," he fashioned himself a strange badge of guilt



THE OLD LEATHER MAN was a familiar sight in the late 1800s as he endlessly trudged his penitential 360-mile circle of quiet rural communities in the southwest quarter of Connecticut and contingent New York. Clothed head-to-foot in leather garments of his own rough tailoring, this grotesque pilgrim had about him an aura of mystery and tragic romance. He spoke almost never, and then only in French.

With the exception of the soles of his shapeless shoes, which were wooden, everything that he wore was made of leather. His round, visored cap, jacket, and trousers, he had fabricated from discarded boot legs and heavy sole leather, laced with thongs at one-inch intervals. Through the gaps, the biting wind reached his naked skin in winter, for he wore neither socks nor underclothing. In warm weather, this bizarre uniform creaked like harness. Clothing was offered to him frequently, but was always refused.

Over his shoulder, in a leather bag, this strange man carried a tin pail and plate, iron spider, rough hatchet, jackknife, awl and the odd pieces of leather which he accumulated as he walked. He also carried a pipe and a Catholic prayer book. About his neck, beneath his clothing, hung a small crucifix.

Although he was no taller than five feet, three inches, his frame was broad and heavy—a clue to the iron constitution which sustained his rigorous existence. His complexion and eyes were dark, his hair black.

The Old Leather Man appeared on Connecticut roads in 1857 and was at first regarded only as an itinerant eccentric. But gradually it was noticed that he traveled a fixed route—a ragged 360-mile circle between the Connecticut and Hudson Rivers—which he completed regularly every 34 days, summer and winter. Harwinton was the most northern town he touched in Connecticut. From there, his route carried him southeasterly through Burlington, Forestville, Southington, Berlin, the northern part of Meriden, Middlefield and a corner of Middletown. Then he followed the Connecticut River south through Chester, Deep River and Essex, to its mouth at Saybrook.

Here, he swung west through Westbrook, Killingworth, Clinton and Madison to Guilford. By going northwesterly through Branford and North Haven, he avoided the city of New Haven.

Turning southwest through Woodbridge and Orange, he came again to the coast, at Milford, which he followed through Stratford, northern Bridgeport, Fairfield and Westport. At Norwalk, he slanted northwest through New Canaan and Wilton, crossing into New York near the Ridgefield railroad.

In New York, he passed through Croton Falls southwesterly to Ossining, then north to Peekskill. Here he turned east through Shrub Oak and Brewster, re-entering Connecticut near Ball Pond. From here, north and east, he traveled through New Fairfield, New Milford, Bridgewater, Roxbury, Woodbury, Watertown, Thomaston and Plymouth, until he had come full circle at Harwinton again.

This circuit was punctuated with a variety of stopping places where he would rest, cook and repair his clothing. The majority were rude shelters which he had made by leaning brush and rails against an overhanging rock, bank or wall. At one point, he had constructed a hut of old railroad ties. But his most comfortable stops were made in caves.

The Old Leather Man carried no bedding, and slept on bare ground or natural mattresses. He rarely spent more than a few hours in any spot, unless his clothing demanded extensive repair. If, for this reason, he "ran behind," he stepped up his pace until such time as he was again on schedule. Once, he was noticed to be nine days overdue at Wilton, but this discrepancy was corrected by the time he passed New Fairfield.

He averaged better than ten miles a day, carefully avoiding busy highroads and circumnavigating thickly settled areas. He changed his course occasionally, adjusting it to his peculiar requirements in hospitality.

He would stop at farmhouses where he aroused the least curiosity and where food would be provided by tacit understanding. Although he would dine in a dooryard on occasion, he could never be induced to enter a house.

Aside from infrequent French monosyllables, he communicated only by signs or grunts. He never said hello or good-by, nor did he ever smile.

He took no interest in the world through which he shuffled or the persons who befriended him. His only expressed evidence of emotion was a violent antipathy to being photographed.

A Forestville man eventually solved the riddle of his past. Taking a cue from papers lost on one of his rounds by the Old Leather Man, he learned that the strange penitent's name was Jules Bourglay and that he had been a native of Lyons, France. A worthy young man with a liberal education, he had fallen in love, above his station, with the daughter of a wealthy leather merchant, M. Laron.

At first, the father rejected Jules' suit for his daughter's hand, but finally relented to the extent of giving him a chance in his business. If successful, Jules would be allowed to court his daughter formally.

The young man learned the business quickly and was soon given authority to invest the firm's money. Seeing a chance for a considerable profit, Jules invested heavily. Unfortunately, however, the market suddenly dropped and Laron's business was ruined.

Jules' life collapsed. His mind failed and he went about the city streets cursing himself publicly for his foolhardy gamble. Requiring confinement, he was sent to a monastery.

A year later he disappeared, and a long search by his parents and sweetheart at last traced him to America. When their emissary caught up with Jules in Litchfield, he was told news of home and urged to return to France. But he merely shook his head and continued his penitential journey, clad only in the instruments of his downfall.

In the blizzard of March 11, 1888, his extremities were frostbitten and it was noticed that his health failed rapidly. In December, he was placed in a Hartford hospital, but he escaped within a few hours.

The following March, a New York farmer saw that Jules was seriously ill and invited him to spend the night in his barn. But he pressed on wearily toward a cave in the woods near Ossining.

Here, on March 24, 1889, his lifeless body was found.

Presumed to be about 65, and listed by the coroner as unknown, the Old Leather Man was buried in potter's field at what was then Sparta, New York. His grave was unmarked except for the fieldstone fence by which he lay. But his epitaph was carved by the memories of hundreds of Connecticut people who had learned to know him with sympathetic affection.

Buried Treasure

WHEN A SHIP GOES DOWN almost invariably there is a small, and unlisted, sum of money which accompanies her to the bottom of the sea—coins that were slipped under her mast while she was being built. During the construction of one of our own naval vessels, one which saw duty in World War II, the officers scheduled to man her placed 28 pennies, 3 nickels and 2 dimes beneath her mainmast and 10 pennies under her foremast.

Little-known to the average landlubber, the tradition is thought to have started in ancient times when Romans, to pay the ferry fee across the River Styx, placed coins in the coffins of those who had died. —MARY ALKUS

Your digestion shapes

STATISTICS and the combined experiences of many physicians indicate that a large majority of people suffer periodically from some kind of digestive problem. You may wait until you need medical attention for something else, then leave the doctor's office with the offhand remark, "By the way, there is this little problem I have with my digestion. . . ."

But they aren't always "little problems." A report from one major clinic reveals that about half of the complaints of their 30- to 60-year-old patients have been complaints concerned with digestion. And in children, the figures on a number of surveys run even higher.

When one considers how many complicated parts and pieces it takes to make up the human body, it is truly amazing—and medically very significant—that the comparatively small set of organs devoted to digestion can cause so much trouble.

More than just your physical health, that intangible thing called "you"—your personality, what you put into life and get out of it—is in a large measure determined by the dynamics of your digestive system. From birth on, a large portion of human energy is devoted to getting nourishment and making use of it.

Revolving around the two cardinal processes of taking in food and evacuating the bowels, a human personality will evolve. Case after case has shown that persons who later become miserly, who tend to limit themselves, have personalities fashioned from early disturbing experiences in the mechanism of bowel evacuation, while personalities which "take in" excessively—avid imbibers of everything from knowledge to alcohol—are those whose early strongest emotional experiences centered around feeding, "taking in" food.

In recent years, physicians have learned more and more about the close ties between emotion and digestion. With one peptic ulcer patient, saved by last-minute surgery, doctors discovered that the incisions had healed poorly, leaving a temporary "fistula," an unnatural channel leading from inside the stomach out to the skin. This gave physicians the rare opportunity to observe the interior of a human digestive system at all times.

To their astonishment, they discovered that the stomach functioned as a faithful mirror of the patient's emotions: when he felt sad, his stomach became pale and still; when

What you get out of living
is strongly influenced by
what happens in your stomach

your life

by HERBERT S. BENJAMIN, M.D.

he was anxious, it twitched abnormally; when things went well, so did the stomach.

Taking advantage of this revelation, a psychiatrist has been helping the patient loosen the tensions which produced the ulcer in the first place.

By various other procedures, from chemical analysis to X rays and endoscopes, other parts of the digestive system have been observed. They, too, have been found to be dependable indicators of a person's feelings—very often when the patient himself was not aware of how he felt. Only under narcoanalysis or hypnosis was he later able to confirm the accuracy of what his digestive system revealed.

And, month by month, new medical evidence accumulates which indicates that disturbed inner emotions cause many, if not most, diseases of the digestive organs, from simple nervous upsets to, in some cases, cancer itself. One of the most startling of these findings, announced very recently, was that even some germs which inhabit the digestive tract can be responsive to human emotions!

From one patient hospitalized by a digestive disease, frequent swabs were taken and germ counts made. When the patient was distressed, these disease bacteria in her digestive tract multiplied to millions of times the number counted when she was calm. With mental relaxation, the count dropped to zero.

Side by side with these deep, new insights of psychiatry into our digestive apparatus, the sciences of medicine, nutrition and dietetics have contributed much to the art of controlling and relieving digestive diseases. Also, surgeons have devised and perfected new operative procedures which succeed when other treatment fails, while radiologists can now X-ray almost any area of the abdomen and watch it functioning behind a fluoroscopic screen.

The abdomen is a stormy world of its own, spun faster or slowed down depending on the food you eat —and your emotions.

Imagine a mass of material about the size of Mt. Everest. Suddenly a wild earthquake rips it into a million pieces, each about the size of the Empire State Building. Before the dust settles, something destructive happens again, and now the remaining portions are the size of a house. Again—and only pebbles remain, and then sand, and finally only the softest powder.

This would be a picture of what

happens in digestion, with Mt. Everest representing a mouthful of food, and that final powder the infinitely tiny molecules ready to be absorbed by the blood stream of the digestive tract.

The function of digestion is to reduce relatively large masses of food to such small particles that the blood can absorb them and carry them to the liver, where they are refashioned into nourishment for all the hungry cells of the body.

Well-prepared food, attractive to the eyes as well as the senses of taste and smell, helps make for good digestion. We taste sweet and salty things with the taste buds on the tip of the tongue, bitter things at the back of the tongue.

THE ACTUAL breaking-down process begins with the mechanical act of chewing. The chewing muscles, some of the strongest and most indefatigable muscles of the body, exert an immense biting force of hundreds of pounds.

During mastication, or chewing, the mouthful is mixed with saliva, which helps it glide smoothly down the esophagus—an inch-wide, foot-long tube lying behind the heart and windpipe—to the stomach, which is in the upper left of the abdomen under the rib case. Normally, from one to two quarts of thin, watery saliva are secreted daily, but when one experiences fear or intense emotion it becomes sticky, giving the feeling of a dry mouth.

The stomach produces such a strongly acid digestive juice that nearly all bacteria and other parasites perish here. Two to three quarts of this powerful fluid are spurted out daily by the jet-like nozzles of the million glands of the stomach's velvety mucous membrane.

The acid separates tough fibers, loosens minerals and softens the food up for the powerful chemical agents called enzymes, which will soon break it down further. This potent acid would digest the very stomach itself if it were not for a resistant fluid secreted over the mucous lining just for its own protection. An important part of this digestive juice is pepsin, an enzyme which breaks down protein, one of the three main organic foods (protein, carbohydrate and fat) in the human diet.

"Heartburn," the raw, burning sensation once thought to be a sign of excess stomach acidity, is now known to occur in persons suffering from total lack of stomach acid, and is considered a nervous symptom.

Fluids pass through the stomach almost immediately, but solid food takes time, fat the longest—up to seven hours. The least time is needed by alcohol and glucose, which need not be broken down but pass directly into the blood, thus providing quick energy.

From the stomach, the half-digested mass of food, mixed well with gastric juice and now called "chyme," is propelled into the small intestine. It is called "small" because it is only an inch wide although it is 20 to 30 feet long, depending on whether it is relaxed or contracted. The "large" intestine, which follows, is much shorter—only a yard or so in length—but it is twice as wide.

In the small intestine, the food is

met with rains of strongly alkaline instead of acid digestive juices. Secretions from the pancreas and paper-thin intestinal lining now break down fat, carbohydrate and protein until only fatty acids, "simple sugars," and amino acids are left to be taken up by the tiny blood and lymph capillaries.

But in order for pancreas juice to work on fat, the fat particles must first be "emulsified" by neon-bright, green-colored bile acids from the liver.

In the small intestine, the food is finally broken down and yields its nutritive value. On its way via the blood stream to distant destinations all over the body, most of it is transformed by the liver, probably the most efficient and complicated device on the face of the earth.

What is left of the original meal reaches the large intestine, where actual digestion no longer takes place. Here much water is resorbed, however, and the dehydrated mass finally arrives at the eight-inch-long rectum, where it is stored for daily evacuation.

Thus, digestion is a stormy voyage indeed, driven forward by the churning, undulating propulsive motion called peristalsis and marked by a rain of fluids which under normal conditions may measure over ten quarts each day. In a lifetime, a human being secretes enough of this material to float a good-sized ship.

A special nervous system responsible for this great drive comes from centers so deep that we have no conscious control over them. The vagus nerve, dubbed the "worry nerve," comes directly from the brain and sends out fibers up to one point in the large intestine, where it meets other energy-yielding fibers coming up from the lower end of the spinal cord.

To offset this driving force, a balancing, quieting charge threads in directly from the middle parts of the spinal cord. From the duel between these two opposing sets of nerves, the personality of our digestive system is formed. Digestions too quiet or too turbulent have their disadvantages. To achieve a golden mean of a healthy digestion, nothing is more important than a healthy personality.

It is obvious, for instance, that nausea and vomiting are emotional as well as digestive symptoms. Many people have experienced diarrhea after fright. Moreover, in a wide survey made by Army doctors during World War II, more than half of the cases of major psychological breakdown reported were accompanied by severe gastrointestinal symptoms, and in normal combat stress "GI upsets" were nearly universal.

These connections between digestion and emotion lie deep in our language, too. Refusal to believe something is expressed as "I can't swallow that." The word "remorse" actually means "to bite back." In other words, your conscience "bites" you back.

In the King James and revised editions of the Bible, the translation for "my bowels, my bowels," has alternated with "my anguish, my anguish." "Melancholy" actually means black bile, a true picture of the thick black bile that remains when someone suffers from abnormally strong sadness and his digestive system comes to all but a dead stop.

With new drugs, diets and surgery, nearly all digestive disturbances can be controlled or cured today. But psychotherapy has recently made a telling bid to take a leading role, too. Separate groups of patients, treated with psychiatry on one hand and with other kinds of treatment on the other, have been compared; and very frequently psychiatric aid has given the most thorough and lasting results. Its success has been proved in peptic ulcer, colitis ulcerosa, cardiospasm, hemorrhoids, gall bladder attacks, various kinds of chronic constipation, vomiting and diarrhea, swallowing difficulties, gastritis and a wide number of other complaints.

For example, gastroenterologists report that about half of their patients complain of constipation. Yet half are found to suffer merely from a fear of it—which has driven them into a cathartic habit, temporarily depriving the intestines of their own natural functions.

There is nothing to be ashamed of in admitting the psychological nature of digestive complaints. Because of the broad nature of these disturbances, many fall prey to fads and quack advertisements and spend a lifetime using a wide variety of sensationally billed pills and potions with no real relief.

Proper medical consultation to determine the true physical situation should be the first step. Then there must be a recognition on the part of the patient himself of the connection between his symptoms and his personal life. When he has the courage to begin to get his emotional house in order, he will be making a solid advance toward curing a digestive condition that may be crippling his health and robbing him of full happiness.

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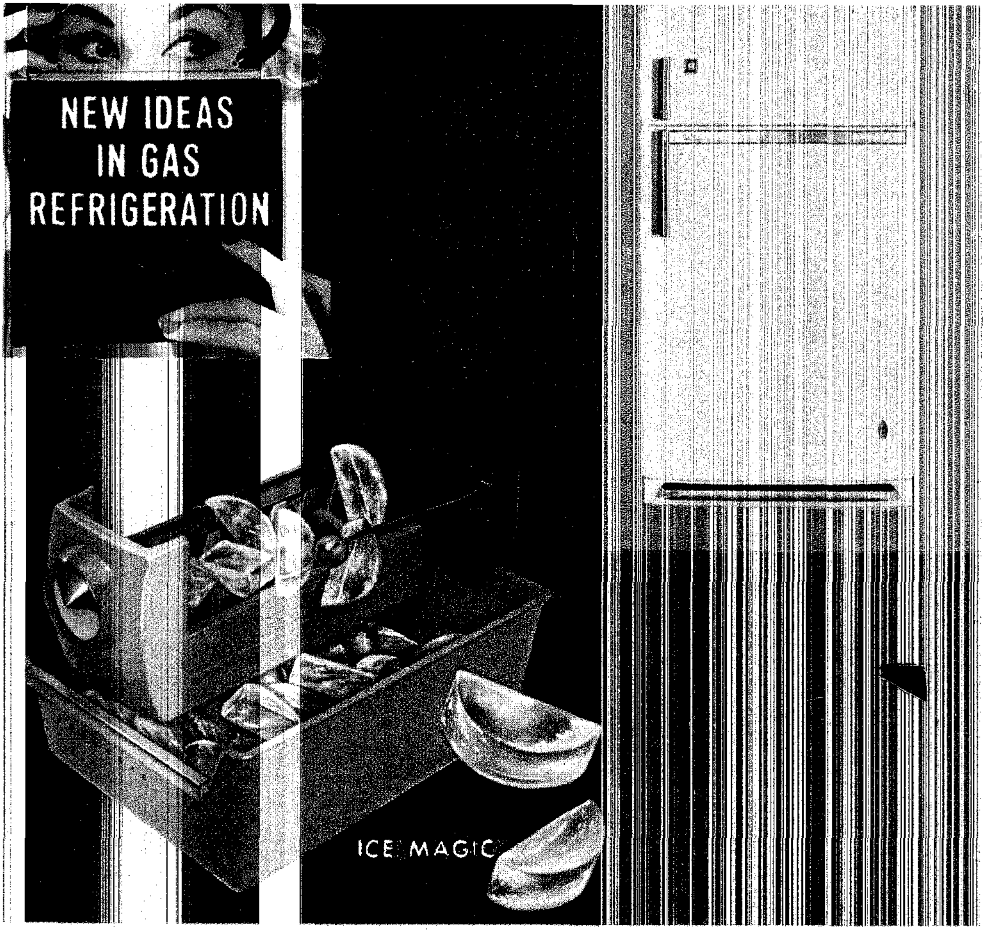
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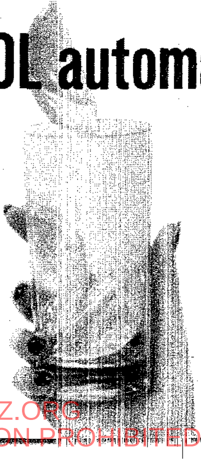

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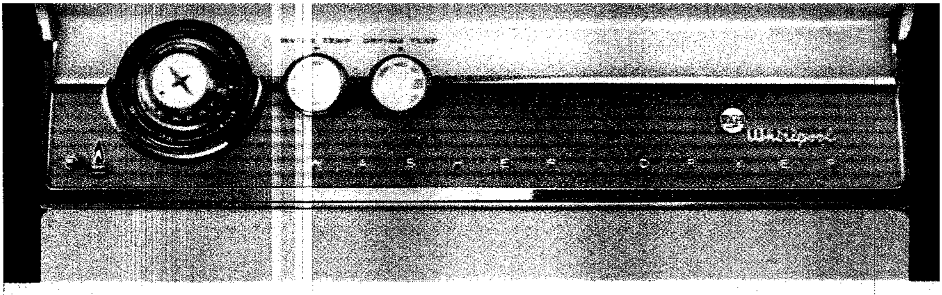

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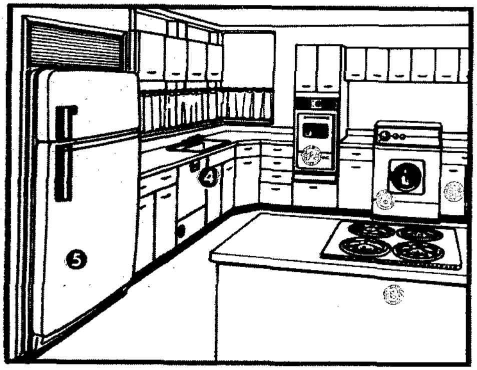

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For himself he had only crumbs, but for his children he staked out a fatted calf

THE PRODIGAL'S SON

by Wyatt Blassingame

PEOPLE WHO KNEW Count Carlo considered him handsome, charming—and utterly worthless. He was filled with grandiose ideas, but every business venture he touched was a flop. He longed to play the big shot, but all his adult life he and his family lived in poverty. Yet, in one way, he was the greatest success of all time. . . .

As a young man in the latter half of the 18th century, Count Carlo married a beautiful girl of noble birth, accustomed to easy living—and immediately took her to Corsica where he fought in the Corsican rebellion against the troops of Genoa and France. In almost no time, they were living in tents and caves, little better than hunted outlaws. The rebellion was crushed; its leaders fled back to Italy.

Left behind, Carlo decided if he couldn't whip the French he would join them. He became superintendent of a mulberry nursery belonging to the King of France. But the mulberry trees failed.

He became a small town lawyer, and devoted most of his time to a dreary, unsuccessful suit involving a half-mythical family legacy.

He got his eldest son, Joseph, and his second son a scholarship to the Nobles' School, to study for the priesthood. Joseph was no scholar and quit. The second son, according to plan, was later sent to a royal military school in France.

When Count Carlo died at the age of 39, he left his widow, five sons and three daughters in desperate financial straits.

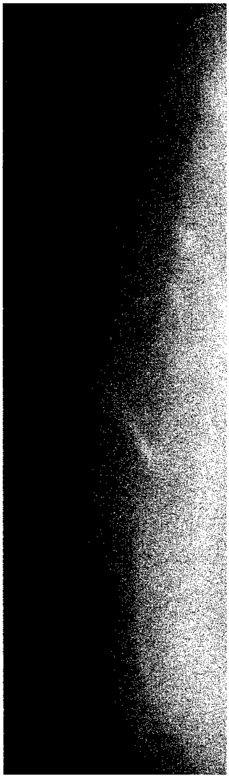
Nevertheless, he had made one smart move—sending that second son to France. For eventually that son made himself an emperor. He made three of his four brothers kings, and the fourth became a prince. He made his three sisters a queen, a grand duchess, and a princess.

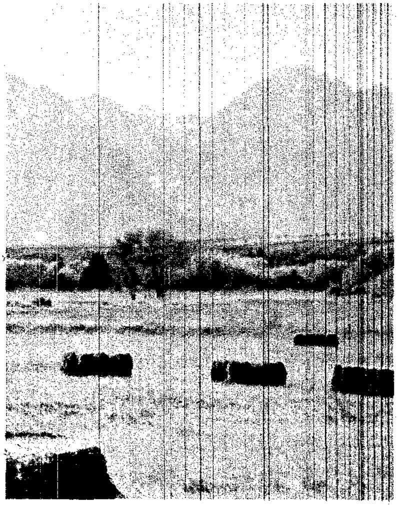
Count Carlo, who always yearned to be important, had finally made it, in what is certainly one of the greatest success stories of all time. For his second son's name was Napoleon. ♛ ♛ ♛

LAND OF THE
SNAKE RIVER

Like a lazy blue serpent, America's seventh longest river winds under the Western sun for 1,038 miles across Wyoming, Idaho and Washington. Guarded by the towering Grand Teton peaks, the Snake River valley is an off-trail tourist wonderland; and—as pictures on the following pages show — remains an almost-forgotten frontier of cowboys, Indians, fishing, lofty geysers and scenes of prehistoric grandeur.

Photographs by Howard Friedman
Text by Richard Kaplan



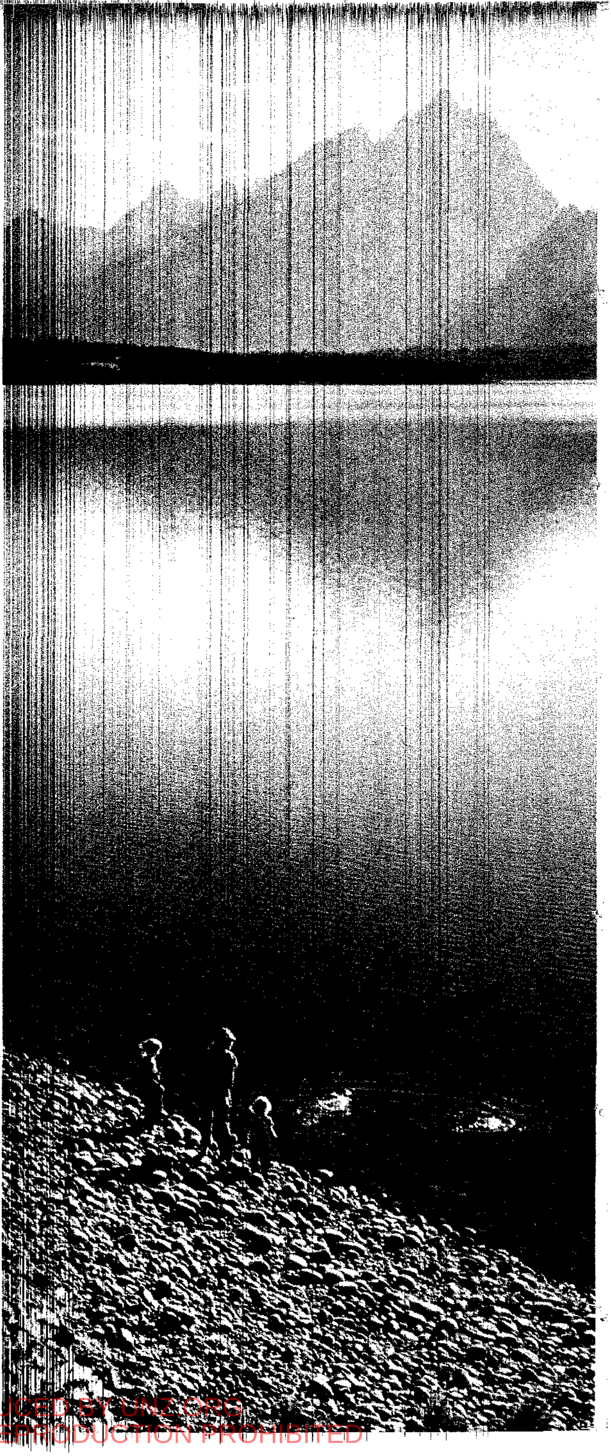


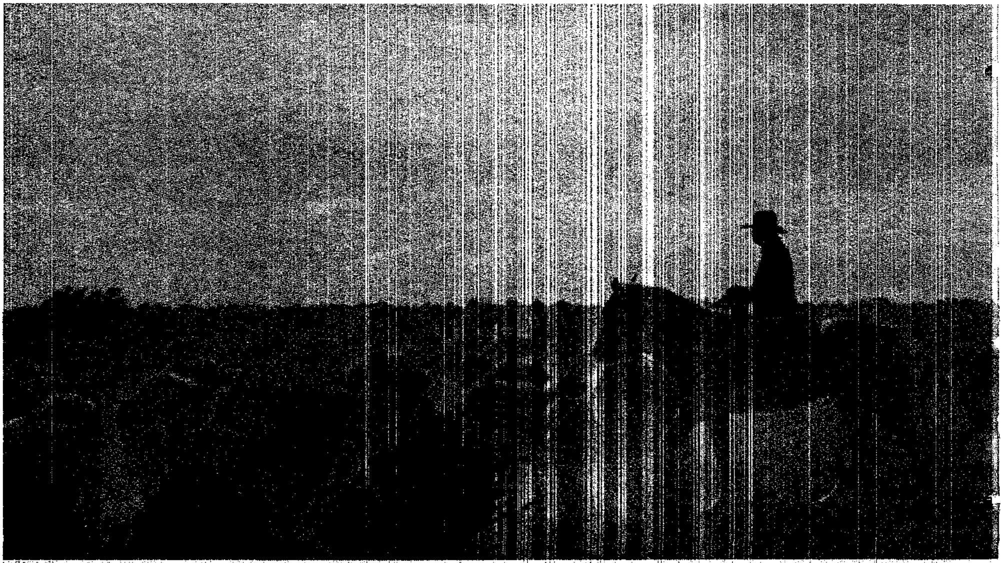
Warm camaraderie in a rugged land of solitude

The head of the Snake rises 9,600 feet up in Yellowstone National Park, in the northwest corner of Wyoming. From there, the river races through some of the West's most picturesque cattle country, peopled by cowboys (left) who load hay on trucks, but still perform the roping and branding chores that have made them an American legend. In nearby Jackson, Wyoming, there are more citified shindigs—such as the gay Shriners Convention (below). For fishermen, there is the Snake itself, and guides like gray-bearded "Uncle Jim" Manges (lower left) who, at 16, trekked from the Mississippi to the Rockies on foot, and who now converts his Jackson Hole homestead into a summer dude ranch.

Ancient Indian culture still lives on in this wilderness

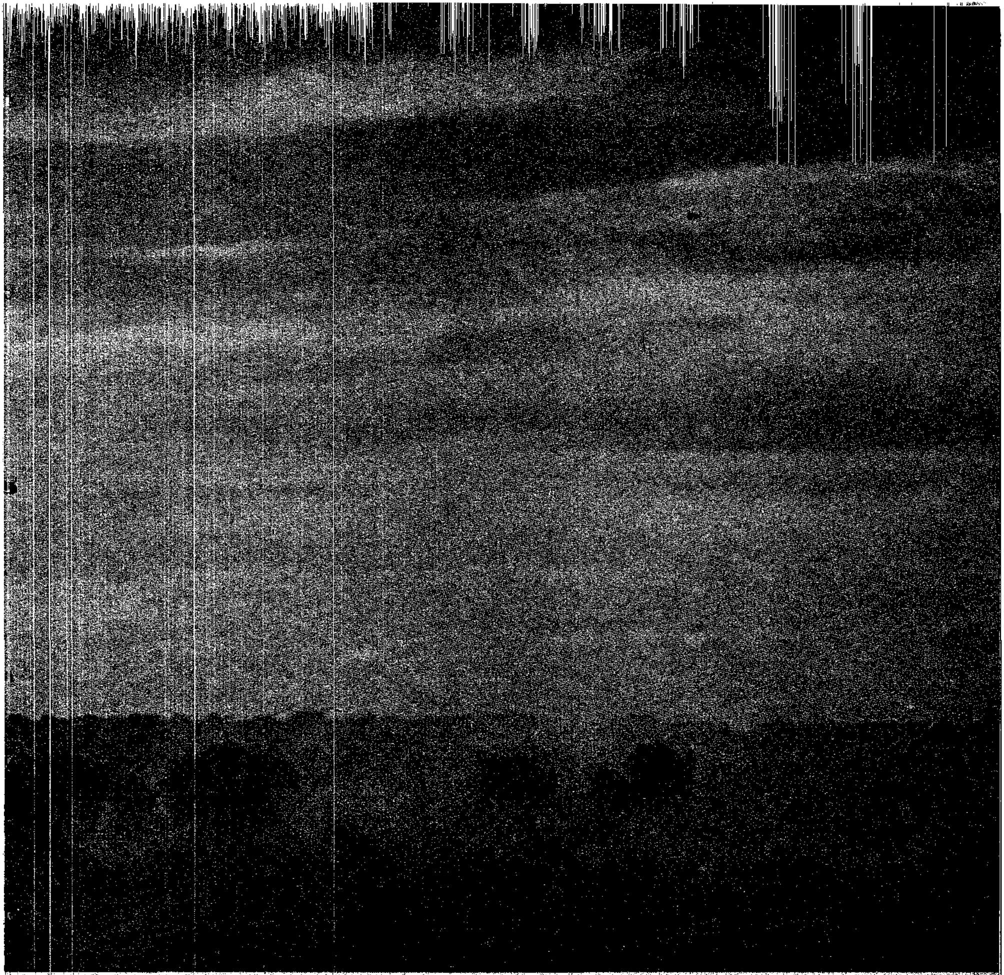
Surrounded by 12,000-foot peaks, vacationers can camp and picnic by the shores of Jackson Lake in Wyoming's Grand Teton National Park, often erroneously thought to be the source of the Snake River. The Snake Indians, who once inhabited the area, derived their name from the serpentine shape of the river. And today, at the Teton Indian Village, the tribe's culture is preserved by two non-Indians. They are Reginald Laubin (shown at far right doing buffalo dance) and his wife Gladys (in background at left) who actually built their own tepee and live with the Indians to study their ways. Hunters find the Teton forests teeming with moose, bear, deer and mountain lion. And at the Jackson Hole Wildlife Park, carefully bred buffalo help preserve the Old West atmosphere.





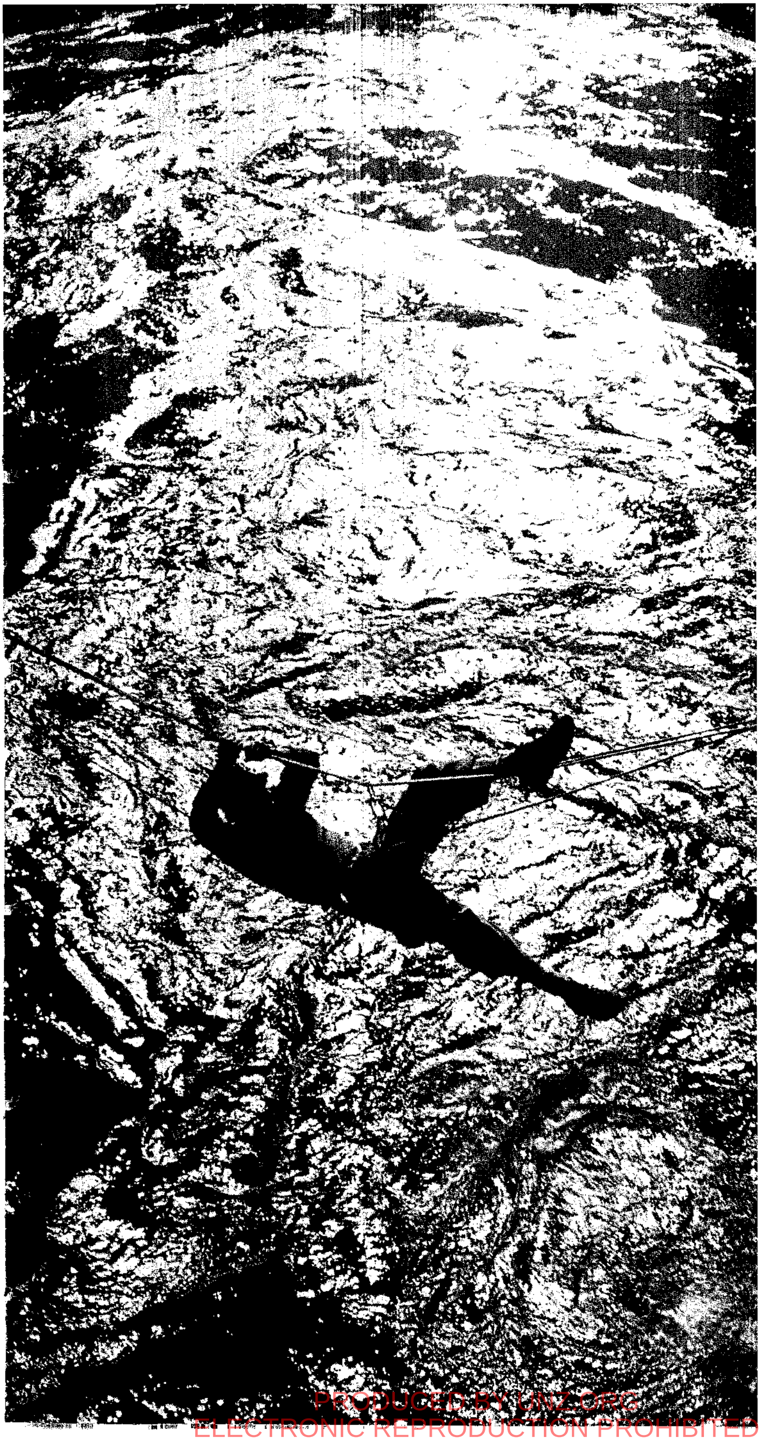
Across thirsty prairies, the river keeps crawling toward turbulent Hell's Canyon

Leaving Wyoming, the Snake curves across Idaho in a wide arc. Near Fort Hall, even the Indians turn cowboy, driving their cattle (above) from reservation ranches to the rail depot. Farther on, at Twin Falls, the river is tapped to irrigate a great farm belt. Then, shorn of its power, it wanders meekly through a half-dry channel (right), preparing to run the 40-mile gauntlet of America's deepest gorge — Hell's Canyon — site of the northwest's controversial hydroelectric project.



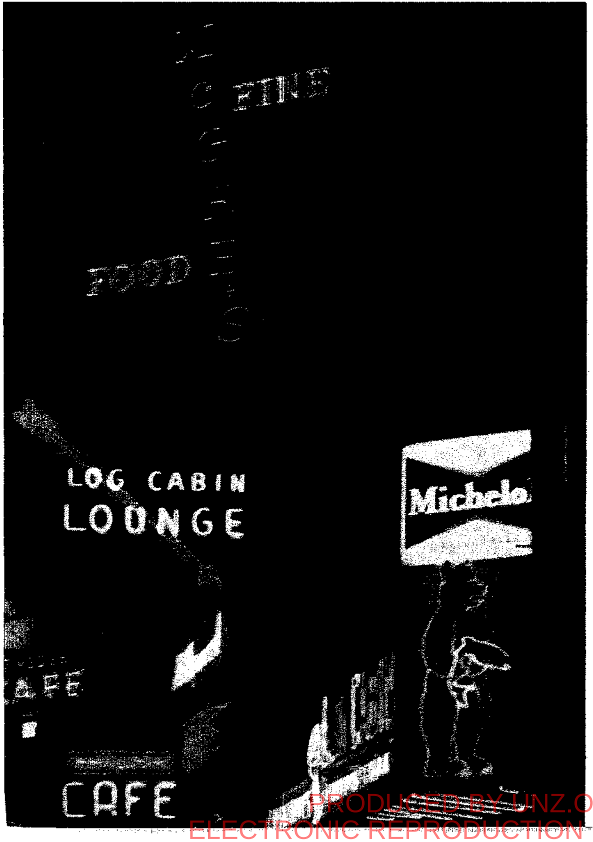
Nourished by 56 tributaries, the river is a boon to both agriculture and adventure

The temper of the Snake changes rapidly. Descending from the Tetons, the channel narrows to about 40 feet, forming a dangerous stretch of rapids. At right, a daring mountaineer crosses over, using a "Tyrolean traverse"—a strand of rope extended from bank to bank. A few miles downstream (below), the Snake winds indolently through Wyoming, spawning a complex network of irrigation ditches that has turned countless acres of arid desert into productive farm land.



A scenic Eden of vacation contrasts and thrills

From colorful, neon-lit "Wild West" honky-tonks to the summer calm of a secluded fishing spot, the Snake River country is a land of contrasts. At a typical town like Jackson, Wyoming (below), for instance, there are ample facilities for hunters, fishermen, campers, skiers—and just plain sightseers. And the sights are there to see. For by the time it joins the Columbia River up in the state of Washington, the Snake has fashioned a vacation scene of brilliantly varied, primitive beauty.



A
writer-scientist
reflects on
the world
of tomorrow
and envisions . . .

Man's fate in space

by ARTHUR C. CLARKE

At some time or other, most men have known that sudden spasm of unreality which makes them ask, "What am I doing here?" This disturbing premonition is perfectly accurate. We don't belong here; in fact, we're on our way to somewhere else. The journey began a couple of billion years ago, when one of our forgotten ancestors crawled up out of the sea and so started life's invasion of the land.

The shallow, sun-drenched water of the primitive oceans was an almost ideal environment for living creatures. It buffered them from extremes of temperature, and provided them with both food and oxygen. Above all, it sustained them, so that they were untouched by the crippling, crushing influence of gravity.

We still carry in our bodies echoes from earth's ancient seas. The blood that courses through our veins contains, in its basic chemistry, a replica of the oceans in which life began. Before birth, every one of us spent the first months of his existence floating in an aquarium, for the fluid of the womb also mimics the sea; most astonishing of all, each of us grows for a while rudimentary fish-like gills, only to discard them on the strange wonderful road from conception to birth.

But we cannot turn back the clock of evolution. The sea is far behind us. We creatures of the land are exiles—displaced persons in transit from one element to another. Yet there is no need for us to mourn our lost home, for we are on the way to one of infinitely greater promise.

We are on our way to space, and there — surprisingly enough — we may regain much that we lost when we left the sea.

Today we are much nearer in time to the moment when a man-carrying spaceship descends upon the moon than we are to that 1903 day at Kitty Hawk when the Wright brothers gave us the freedom of the sky. The first men who will land on the moon have already been born. So let us blithely take for granted the greatest technical achievement in human history—the conquest of space—and consider some of its consequences to mankind.

The most immediate change will be the result of living in gravitational fields lower than earth's. On Mars, for example, a 180-pound man would weigh about 70 pounds; on the moon, less than 30. And on a space-station or artificial satellite, he would weigh nothing at all. To see what that may imply, consider what gravity does to our bodies here on the surface of the earth. Enormous energy is exerted pumping the blood through our veins and arteries. How much longer we might live if the weight of the blood, and of our whole bodies, were abolished!

Of course, reduced or zero gravity may produce undesirable side effects. Perhaps our balance organs and some of our muscles might atrophy after many generations in a weightless environment, but it would be a fair exchange for the absence of fallen arches, paunches and other defects fostered by gravity.

But mere extension of the life-span, and even improved health and efficiency, are less important than expanding the richness and diversity of human experience.

In the sea, every creature exists at the center of a little universe which is seldom more than a hundred feet in radius—the limit set by underwater visibility. The world of a land animal is thousands of times larger. It can see out to the horizon, miles away. And at night, it can look up to the stars. In space, there will be no horizon this side of infinity. There will be suns and planets without end, no two the same, many of them teeming with strange life-forms and perhaps stranger cultures. Whatever civilizations we may build on distant worlds will differ from ours more widely than mid-twentieth-century America differs from the Egypt of the Pharaohs. And in a few thousand years, many of our descendants will be separated from us by psychological and biological gulfs far greater than those between the Eskimos and the African Pygmy. In tomorrow's changing world, men will also change.

They will grow tall and slender on planets of low gravity, short and squat where gravity is high. Some will live brief but energetic lives on swiftly spinning planets where dawn and sunset are only a few hours apart; others will dream away the centuries on worlds which move so slowly along their orbits that no man can ever hope to see a second spring, and grandparents will pass on to their grown and unbelieving kin the memory of winter.

What will be the thoughts of a man who lives on one of the inner moons of Saturn, where the sun is a fierce but heatless point of light and the great golden orange of the giant, ringed planet dominates the sky? It is hard for us to imagine his hopes and fears—yet he may be nearer to us than we are to the men who signed the Declaration of Independence.

Go further afield to the worlds of other suns and picture a planet where the word "night" is meaningless, for with the setting of one sun there rises another—and perhaps a third or fourth—of totally different hue. Try to visualize what must surely be the weirdest sky of all—that of a planet near the center of one of those star clusters that glow like distant swarms of fireflies in our telescopes. How strange to stand beneath a sky that is a solid shield of stars, so that there is no darkness between them through which one may look out into the universe beyond.

Such worlds exist, and one day men will live upon them. Yet, if we have never felt wholly at home here on the earth, what hope is there that we shall find greater happiness on the strange worlds of space? The answer lies in the distinction between Man, the race, and man, the individual. For a man, "home" is the place of his birth and childhood. But for Man, home can never be a single country, a single world, a single solar system, or a single star cluster. While the race endures in recognizably human form, it can have no one abiding place short of the universe itself.

This divine discontent will be driving our descendants on towards unimaginable goals when earth itself is a fading legend lost among the stars.

On the Newsfront

A MAN IN MIAMI tried to prove the old adage that it was hot enough to fry an egg on the sidewalk. He accomplished his mission . . . then was arrested on a charge of cooking without a restaurant license. —HY GARDNER

A COUPLE who took out a marriage license in Arkansas, recently, ought to have a head start on a peaceful life together. He is Billy Olive. She is Lorene Branch. —*Associated Press*

WOMEN IN THE English village of Ugley changed the name of their organization from "The Ugley Women's Institute" to: "The Women's Institute (Ugley Branch)." —*Type Talk* (Baltimore)

The emotional stakes
vary: get even with
fate; wield power;
cash in on excitement.
All—losers and
winners—gratify a
psychic yen

Why do people really gamble?

by Ted Berkman

GAMBLING—AS PASTIME OR PASSION—has hit a new high in America. The latest Gallup poll revealed that nearly 60 percent of our people staked their cigarette money (and sometimes the rent) on a promising card; shuffled up to the green baize dice tables of casinos and social clubs; stood in line to place bets at race tracks.

Why do people gamble? What urgent impulse links the milkman who plays the horses in Atlanta, the Midwestern schoolteacher nervously fingering the ten-cent chips at a Las Vegas roulette table—and the Texas oil wildcatter beside her who has just dropped $8,000 in four days of continuous high-stakes play, and is prepared to sell his return airplane ticket in order to stay in the game? What motives, hidden or otherwise, have all gamblers in common?

At the Desert Inn casino in Las Vegas, Nevada, mecca of American gamblers, big and small, I got a variety of off-the-cuff answers.

Several players insisted they gambled for the simple and obvious purpose of making money. An orange grower and his wife stressed the exciting casino atmosphere: the click of chips, jingle of coins, murmur of voices, and the incessant beat of the jazz quartets in the hotel lounges . . . all in a hypnotic dream world unburdened by clocks.

A corporation lawyer, meditating a moment, said he was lured by the "challenge" of gambling. "It gives me a feeling of power and exhilaration that wipes everyday problems from my mind."

This last answer, according to modern theorists on gambling, is the only one of these that comes within hailing distance of the truth. Psychiatrists say that the universal factor in gambling—propelling milkman, schoolmarm, lawyer and wildcatter alike—is a craving to regain the sense of omnipotence that we all had in childhood, before the harsh world of reality crashed down upon us to smother our dreams.

As small children, we live in a world where fancy can roam, unhobbled by the distressing facts of existence. We see ourselves as fierce warriors, mighty rulers, enchanting princesses.

As we grow older, we are obliged gradually to "behave," perform duties, fit into patterns designed by others and, finally, fulfill the responsibilities assigned to us as adults.

As Dr. Edmund Bergler points out in his recent book, "The Psychology of Gambling," few of us accept the change cheerfully and completely. To varying degrees, we harbor protests against the inconsiderateness of fate. Gambling gives us a chance to strike back on more or less equal terms.

Basically, gambling is a rebellion against the restrictions of society. When the gambler puts down his dollar, he is taking on the world all by himself—recklessly and heroically defying parents, teachers, bosses. He is thumbing his nose at the terrors of H-bombs and guided missiles. For the moment, at least, he is wallowing happily in the fantasy that once again he possesses unlimited power.

Any visitor to Las Vegas will find repeated signs of this. An attractive young housewife at a blackjack table told me excitedly: "This is where I come to kick over the traces when I get sick of babies and cooking. When I put down a $1 bet, I pretend it's $100. If I lose, I don't count it. If I win, I change it in my mind to $1,000."

Like a majority of bettors in this country, she is able to indulge her taste for gambling without being overwhelmed by it. But what about:

1) The Las Vegas janitor who won $7 on a 35-cent Keno ticket, ran it up to $17,800 in one wild streak at the dice table—and within a few months blew the whole sum back again, despite the earnest efforts of friends and well-wishers to make him put a nest egg aside? Gambling addicts don't think of money the way other people do—as purchasing power. Money to them is just a tool for more gambling.

2) Or the Las Vegas baby-sitter of sixty-odd years who seems as kindly as she is sedate? Every night, when her employer of the evening drives her home, she asks to be dropped off at a brightly lit downtown corner on the way, so she can "take a little walk."

Her little walk is to a casino two

doors away where she hurriedly plants herself before one of the nickel or penny slot machines until it has gobbled up her earnings of the evening.

Hired on a daytime job a few weeks ago, she left her charge in a carriage on the sidewalk while she dropped in to explore a newly opened gaming house. More than three hours later, the hungry, squalling child was rescued by police.

The woman expressed astonishment at all the fuss. She had only been inside the place, she insisted over and over, for about ten minutes. It was obvious she believed it.

These are the compulsive gamblers. They are to be found in every one of our cities, betting furiously on horse races, basketball games, poker hands. When the fever is on them, nothing else seems to exist—not family, friends or cataclysms of nature.

In "The Compleat Gamester," a book published in 1709, there is a sentence reading: "Gambling hath this ill property above all other Vices, that it renders a man incapable of any serious action . . . tost upon the billows of a high swelling passion till he hath lost sight of both sense and reason."

The outstanding mark of the compulsive gambler is his inability to quit—not only when disastrously in the hole, but even when he is far ahead. Although he is constantly reiterating his determination to "walk away with a pile of loot," actually the habitual gambler will invariably stay around for the "one or two more hands" that lead to his eventual ruin.

The habitual gambler is as different from the weekend dabbler in poker games or the football pool as a drunkard is from a cocktail-party drinker. All observers agree on that. There is less agreement, however, on what makes the "hooked" gambler tick.

Carl Cohen, casino manager at the Sands Hotel, thinks it is "bruised vanity. There are people who just can't stand losing. The deeper they sink, the more they're frustrated—and the more they throw in."

Dr. Iago Galdston, of The New York Academy of Medicine, sees the chronic gambler as a man who in childhood was never made certain of his parents' affection. Hence, in his incessant gambling, he is begging for a "show of favor." For an affirmative response to his eternal query, "Do you love me? . . . do you think I am good, and smart, and strong?"

Galdston concludes, "Since a defi-

nite and ultimately satisfactory . . . answer . . . is impossible, the gambler will not 'quit'—until he is without the means to continue gambling. . . . Release is to be found only by losing."

The peculiar apathy to romance found in the gambling fraternity has also often been remarked on. And many have noted the sudden fascination exercised by gambling, on people entering their less-than-flaming fifties.

The late Robert Lindner, Baltimore psychoanalyst, wrote about a patient with a strong mother-fixation who kept wishing for his father's death.

When one day the older man unexpectedly died, the son began to gamble furiously.

Whenever he won, according to Lindner, the patient felt he had defeated his father as a rival for his mother's affections. But this sense of triumph was accompanied by guilt feelings which could be assuaged only by losing.

Lindner commented: ". . . it now appears that the gambler must win and lose at the same time, for his sanity's sake, and this can never be done."

What may well be the definitive explanation of compulsive gambling is advanced by Dr. Bergler. He asserts that the habitual gambler, while sharing the dabbler's craving for omnipotence, has in his make-up a more deeply rooted factor . . . an *irresistible compulsion to lose.*

The chronic gambler, he says, is a "psychic masochist"; that is, a species of neurotic whose troubles originate when as an infant he is denied—or thinks he is denied—some gratification of his desires.

If the pattern is repeated—as is often the case—ultimately the child begins to expect rejection, and it eventually becomes a source of pleasure to him. He thereupon makes the *unconscious* decision to seek out deliberately such rejection in his adult life.

For this kind of neurotic personality, gambling offers—as to the rest of us—a chance to indulge the yearning for omnipotence. But in the masochist's case, it has an additional meaning: the poker dealer or roulette wheel or bookie is unconsciously identified with his hostile, refusing parent.

The gambler tells himself he is playing to win. But subconsciously he *wants* — and *expects* — to lose. This will prove the cruelty of his oppressing parent; will punish him as he feels he deserves to be punished for his childish rebellion-by-gambling; and will provide the pleasure-in-defeat that has been built into his personality over a lifetime of repetition.

Because the psychic masochist seeks what Bergler calls "a feeling of being overwhelmed," certain passive types of women are particularly drawn to the gaming table. Dealers have been struck by the way such women methodically insist on losing.

"They pay no attention to their bets—just stack up the chips listlessly. They seem to be in a stupor, going through a ritual. You get the feeling they're just baring themselves to a steam roller in the shape of a roulette wheel."

Whatever his other qualities, the

chronic gambler is an immature, incompletely developed individual. For the responsible adult, gambling remains a game. It may appeal momentarily to a leftover desire for the "dreams of glory" of his youth—but he is able to have his escapist fling and return to the grown-up world. If he loses, he shrugs it off, willing to make this payment for the temporary exhilaration. If he wins, he is able to quit.

Not so, the compulsive. For him, the rebellion against adult restraints is more deeply seated. He has never really accepted the adult world, and himself as an equal in it. Gambling, therefore, lets loose volcanic forces within him. Just as there are people who cannot drink—for whom alcohol opens the floodgates—there are those who cannot gamble.

Frequently, chronic gambling is described as a disease—a disease from which, in the opinion of long-time observers, perhaps 25 percent of all gamblers suffer.

Can it be cured?

Not easily, Dr. Bergler says. Because its mechanism is so unconscious, so cleverly hidden even from himself by the sick gambler. He insists he is under perfect control and is gambling only to win. Unlike the alcoholic or dope addict, he cannot be confronted with the miserable image of himself in the mirror.

Yet, the "hooked" gambler is often tragically aware of his plight. A heavy-set, unshaven farmer from Missouri plumped down next to me at a Las Vegas restaurant counter. He hadn't slept in three days.

"Sure, gambling is a disease," he said. "I don't know if dope would be any worse. Yeah, I'd go to a psychiatrist. But where would I get the dough? Anything I get my hands on, it goes straight to the crap table. Like I told you, I'm a gambler. . . ."

Words I Love to Hear

FROM THE PLUMBER: "Hot water tap is as good as new now. All it needed was a little old washer, and I had one in my pocket to fit. Had to make a call on this street anyway. No charge."

FROM TELEVISION: "In order not to break the spirit of our presentation tonight, our sponsor has asked us to eliminate the customary mid-program commercial. And so. . . ."

FROM MY WIFE, HARRIET: "Here's your change."

FROM MY SON, CUTHBERT: "Where can I find a coat hanger?"

FROM MY BROTHER-IN-LAW (LONG DISTANCE): "Little Grenadine has a recital. The twins may be coming down with the measles; Billy seems to have passed his cold on to Charles Edward, and the baby is teething. So maybe we'd better put off our visit with you until. . . ."

FROM MY DAUGHTER, AGATHA: "Here's your change."

—RALPH REPPERT, *Baltimore Sunday Sun Magazine*

As a Broadway star—and as the lovable boy next door—talented 11-year-old Eddie Hodges lives a busy and complicated life

Everybody loves Eddie

ARTHUR CANTOR

A freckle-faced redhead from Hattiesburg, Mississippi, is rapidly becoming the nation's most appealing child star. He is Eddie Hodges, four-foot, two-inch, 60-pound show-stopper of Broadway's musical hit, *The Music Man* (above). Eddie got the role—his first—after Meredith Willson, composer of *The Music Man*, saw him win $12,500 on TV's "Name That Tune" quiz show. Since then, the boy has won $32,000 more on "The $64,000 Challenge" and has sung at a White House command performance for President Eisenhower. On the following pages, he tells in his own effervescent words what it's like to be 11 and famous.

Photographs and text by Matthew E. Harlib

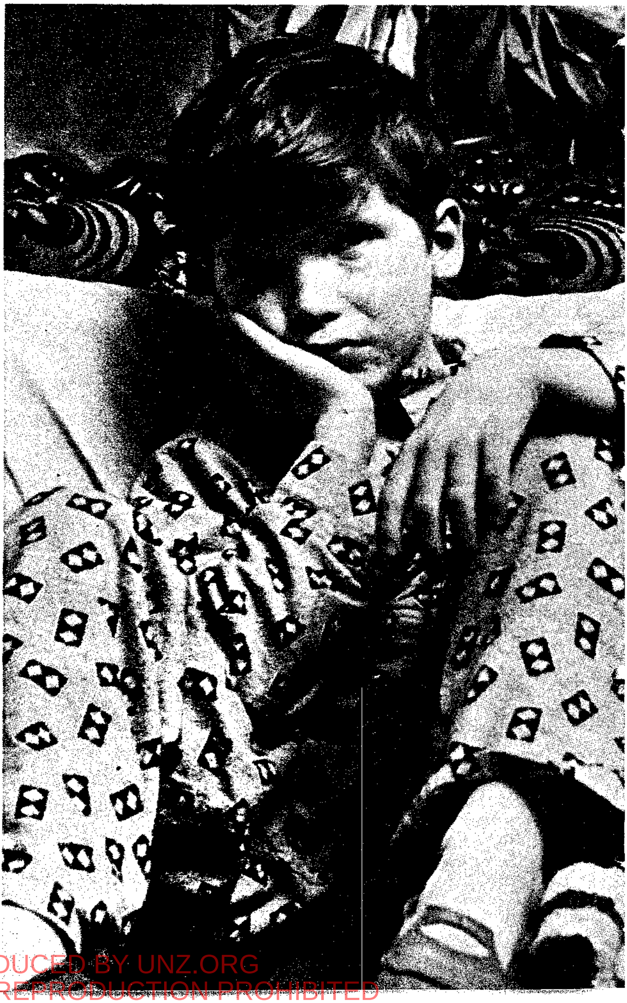
Backstage at the Majestic Theater, Eddie's bright grin and good manners make him the darling of Barbara Cook and Robert Preston, stars of *The Music Man.* Preston calls him the ideal stage kid, while Miss Cook simply says: "I love him." Eddie's parents, Sue and John Hodges, came to New York both for business reasons and because the boy wanted to get on TV. At 18 months, Eddie (whose 79-year-old grandfather is a retired minister) was singing "De Gospel Train" on a religious show in Hattiesburg. At age four, he entertained troops at Biloxi, Mississippi, and sang on a country music program. His New York career was launched by a happy accident. A scout for "Name That Tune" spotted him on Fifth Avenue and teasingly asked him where he'd gotten his red hair. "It came with the head, ma'am," Eddie told her politely. It was the right answer—the first of many the youngster was to give during his seven weeks on the show.

"Every time Miss Cook sees me, she hugs me. She also shows me how to use lipstick and eyebrow stuff."

"Mr. Preston says I work hard, but he works harder than anybody. He even teaches me his dance numbers."

Eight times a week, green-eyed Eddie faces a packed house and belts out "Gary, Indiana," his big song, in a boyish soprano. Off stage, his favorite hangout is the wardrobe room, whose mistress, Bessie McMahon, tells him adventure stories and lets him change costumes there. Miss McMahon says he's the most unaffected child she's ever seen. On matinee days, Eddie spends his between-shows time at the nearby King Edward Hotel, where his father works as night manager.

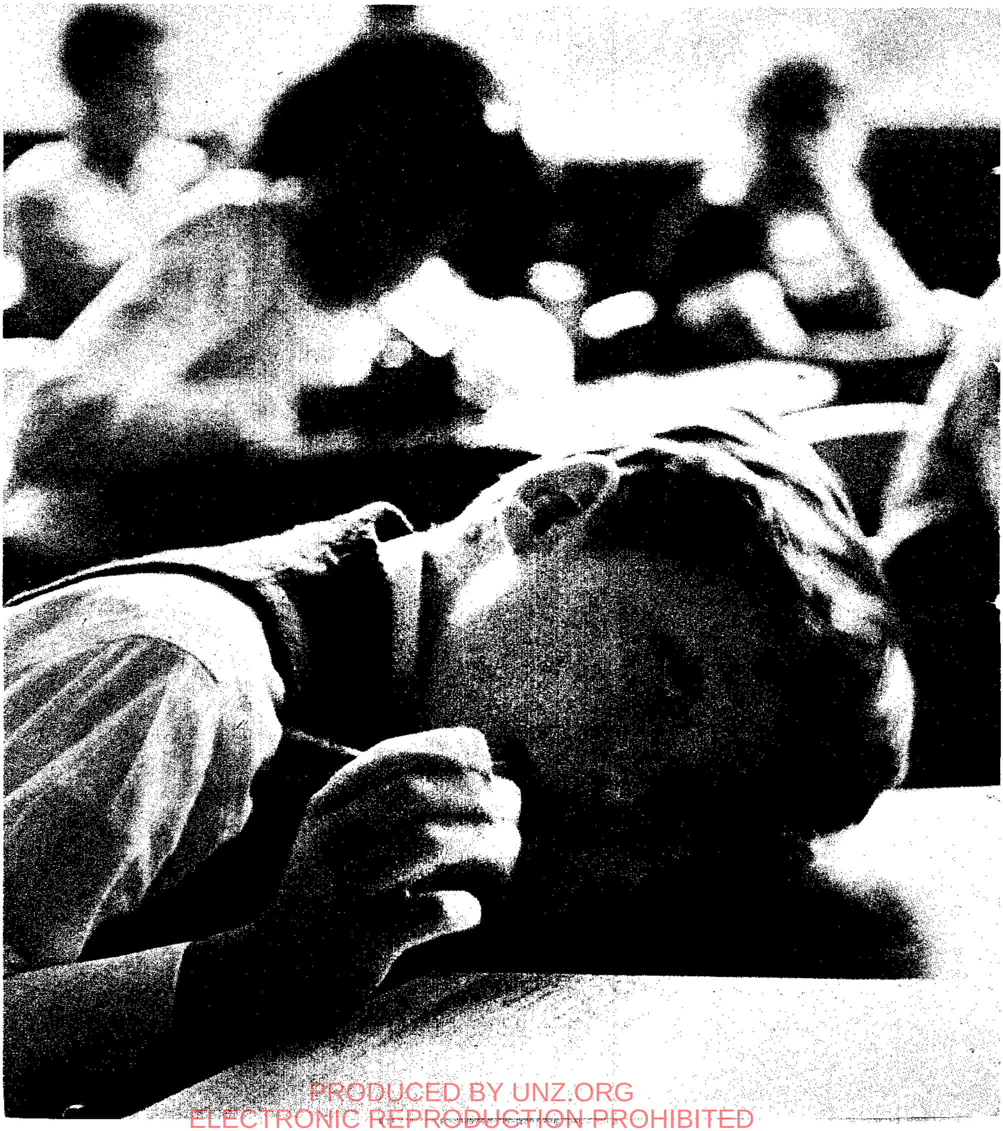
"When I had chicken pox, I felt all itchy. It was funny to be in bed and know the show was going on and I wasn't in it. My understudy, Ronnie Tourso, took over for me, but I thought I was letting everybody down. It was sort of nice resting and watching TV, but I was glad to get back. I missed all my friends."



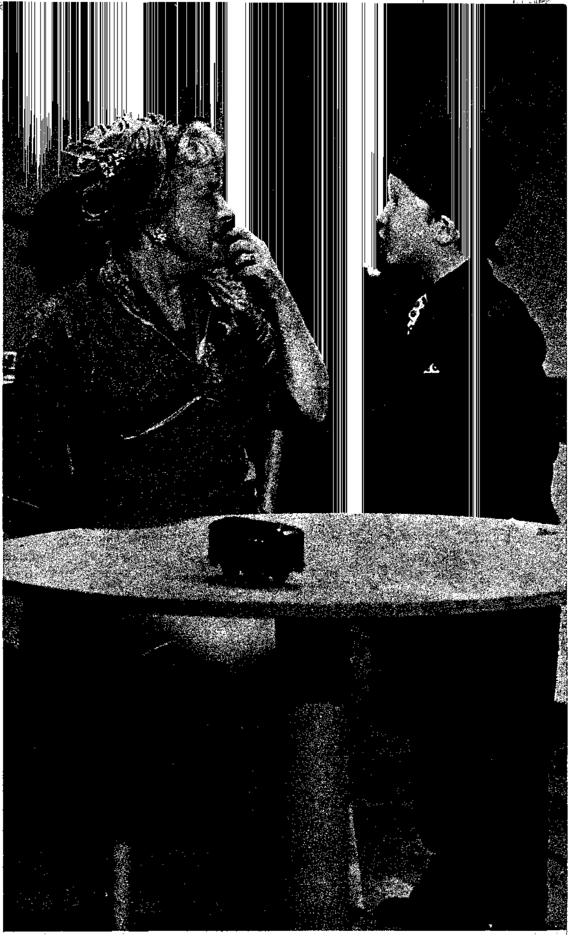
"Between acts,
and when I'm not on
I nap in the wardrobe room.
I fall asleep as soon
as I lie down."

"Here I am doing
the 'Shipoopi' with
Patty Mariano,
one of the other kids
in the show.
That's her brother
Bobby and her sister
Joanne on the left.
Patty says
I have two left
feet and
I think she's
right."

Eddie earns about $15,000 a year, but his family doesn't live on the money. It goes into a fund that will guarantee him an income when he's 18. Meanwhile, Eddie keeps acting with some of America's leading personalities. After her TV appearance with him in *Mrs. McThing*, Helen Hayes said glowingly, "He's magnificent!" And at the White House, President Eisenhower told him his grandson David was training to swim a mile. "A mile!" said Eddie, impressed. "That's a whole lot of swimming."



"I used to go to the Professional Children's School, but I was always tired and kept snoozing in class. So now a tutor comes to my house and teaches me."

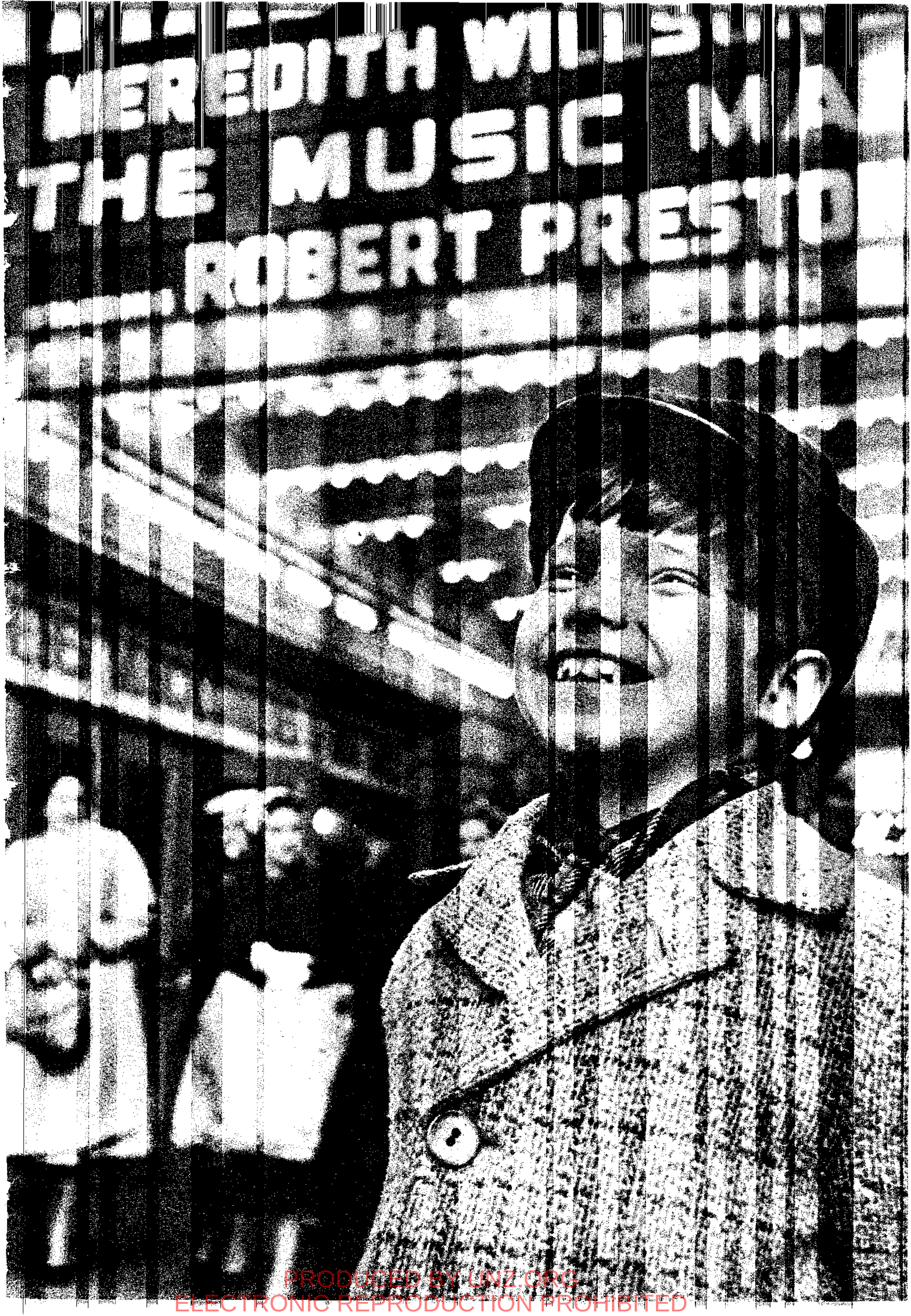


"I liked Helen Hayes and *Mrs. McThing* because I got to say all the things I've wanted to say all my life. Like 'shut up' and 'darn it' and 'jerk.' I get my tail whipped if I say them at home. It was my first dramatic part, too."

"I feel I'm doing a good thing when I go to church with Mother, Daddy and Granddaddy. Our church is the St. Paul's Methodist. Someday maybe I'll be a preacher."

Eddie lives with his parents, his sister Diane, 12, and his grandparents in a modest 5½-room apartment in Queens. Depending on what day you ask him, he wants to be a minister, a scientist or an actor. Thus far, Eddie is refreshingly unspoiled. But, under the heavy pressures of stardom, it will be amazing if he stays that way.

"It makes me feel good to entertain people. Even around the neighborhood, I try to make my friends Trevor (left) and Bruce Grasso laugh—because then I know they like me."


MEREDITH WI
THE MUSIC M
ROBERT PRESTO

merry mixups

WHILE FILLING THE PRESCRIPTION I had given him for an appetite depressant, the corner druggist proceeded to lecture me: "Merely taking pills won't make you thinner, Mrs. Nolan. You've got to use will power and give up all sweets. Fight! Fight! Fight!"

A week later, shopping again in the drugstore crowded with people, a box of chocolates beckoned to me. As I picked it up and headed for the cashier, from the pharmacist's counter at the rear of the store came a shout: "Aha, Mrs. Nolan, I caught you! I've talked to you about your weakness before, and you know it's wrong; so *put that back!*"

Doubly embarrassed, I replaced the candy and ran. I'm sure people thought I had been shoplifting. —MRS. GEORGE NOLAN

A SOUTHERN FARMER wrote the U.S. Department of Agriculture: "My friend over in Silas County received a $1,000 check from the government this year for not raising hogs. So I am going into the not-raising-hogs business next year.

"What I want to know is, in your opinion, what is the best kind of farm not to raise hogs on and the best kind of hog not to raise?"

—*Animator*

ONE CAN SYMPATHIZE with the experience of a lady just back from Germany. She had, it developed, burst into a room marked *Herren* from which she hastily emerged in red-faced confusion.

"How did you ever come to do that?" her husband queried. "Don't you know that *Herren* means men in German and *Damen* means women?"

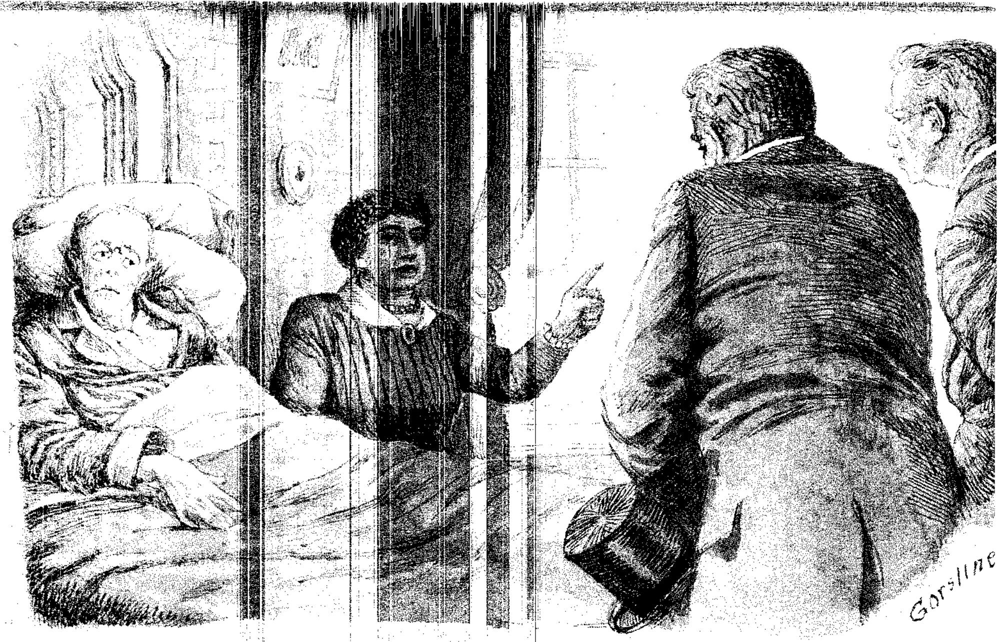
"I do now!" the wife sputtered. "But it was a perfectly logical mistake. I simply figured that *Herren* was German for Her'n and if they'd meant it for men they'd have called it His'n." —*KVP Philosopher*

A LIBRARIAN who had recently moved to a small community was stopped on the street one afternoon by an original inhabitant.

"Miss Smith," he said deferentially, "I hope you won't take this as an offense but folks are sayin' you're seein' a good deal of Elmer Jenks lately."

"Why, Mr. Jones," laughed the librarian, "Mr. Jenks is 80 years old and harmless as a baby."

The native shook his head solemnly. "Miss Smith, you don't seem to understand. That man is a Democrat!" —*News-Review, Eagle River*



When a woman ran the White House

For 17 months Mrs. Woodrow Wilson acted as unofficial President while her husband lay desperately ill

by COLLIE SMALL

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS facing the nation is that of President Eisenhower's disposition to illness, and the seemingly new and pressing question of national leadership in the event of his incapacitation.

Actually, this is not a new problem at all. For it is doubtful if there has ever been a more remarkable period in United States history than the 17 months during which Mrs. Woodrow Wilson almost literally ran the White House and, in so doing, gathered to herself probably more power than any woman has ever exercised in American government.

The year 1919 was a fateful one for both the President and his devoted but strong-willed second wife, Edith Bolling Wilson. Returning from Paris after the signing of the Versailles Treaty, the President found almost no one satisfied with it. Some felt he had compromised too much, others not enough.

President Wilson, it is now believed, had suffered a minor stroke in Paris, although he was not seriously disabled. At the time, his ailment was described as "a cold." Nevertheless, his health was not good, and it further deteriorated during the hot summer months in Washington as he continued his struggle for ratification of the Treaty in the face of savage Republican opposition.

Tortured by blinding headaches, unable to eat more than a mouthful or two of food at a time, Wilson nonetheless decided to take his case to the people. Much against the advice of the worried White House physician, Dr. Cary Grayson, the arrangements were made, and on September 3, the President's special train left Washington for Columbus, Ohio, the first stop. In Pueblo, Colorado, he made one of his most eloquent pleas for the orderly world in which he so fervently believed. And that was it.

Leaving Pueblo, the now desperately sick President took a serious turn for the worse. The next morning, the tracks were cleared and, with a pilot engine leading the way, the special train raced eastward, arriving in Washington Sunday, September 28.

Two days later, the President seemed to be improved. After a short ride and a movie in the East Room, he read a chapter from the Bible in a strong voice, then wound his watch and retired to his room. The next morning, he suffered the massive stroke which heavily impaired his speech and paralyzed his left side.

At that point, Edith Bolling Wilson, daughter of a circuit court judge in Wytheville, Virginia, became "Acting President" of the United States.

She immediately instructed Dr. Grayson to issue a bulletin describing the stroke as a "digestive upset." Her reason was simple enough: she feared that the fight for ratification of the Treaty and Wilson's cherished League of Nations Covenant would be ended then and there if Congress knew of the President's real condition.

The strictest sort of secrecy was imposed for several days. Then, belatedly, the announcement was made that he had suffered a stroke.

FOR SOME two months, President Wilson was able to conduct almost no business. More than a dozen major offices went unfilled as did at least eight major diplomatic vacancies. Some 28 acts of Congress became law through his inability to act on them within the prescribed ten-day period.

The question of the President's resignation was raised almost at once, and it was Mrs. Wilson who played the prominent role in making the decision that the President would *not* resign. Nor would he, as was suggested, permit either the Cabinet or the Senate to certify him as "disabled" so that Vice President John Marshall might serve in his place until he had recovered. Having influenced the making of these decisions, Mrs. Wilson militantly refused to allow the subject to be raised again in order not to impose any more strain on the President.

There were also political considerations inherent in her decision, of course. For one thing, she felt that Vice President Marshall, distinguished mostly for his pleas for "a good five-cent cigar," would not be strong enough to lead a fight for the Treaty against Senator Henry Cabot Lodge and his Senate wrecking crew, and she was undoubtedly right. Deep down, however, she was Woodrow Wilson's wife and she feared that his incentive for living would be irretrievably gone if he were to resign.

Meanwhile, the pathetic figure of the President of the United States lay helplessly propped up in straps in the big, oversized Lincoln Bed in the White House. He was gaining slowly, but rumors persisted that he was totally paralyzed, dead or insane.

Mrs. Wilson seldom strayed from the President's side except for short walks in the White House grounds, now closed to the public, or for an occasional automobile ride through Rock Creek Park. She screened all visitors, decided what business would or would not be presented to the President, contacted aides in his behalf, attended all his conferences and dictated their duration.

If she deemed the problem important enough for her husband's attention, she reduced it to digest form. With state papers, she decided their order of importance and arranged them accordingly for his perusal or signature. She even prepared a series of form replies for answering the President's mail. If there was no form to fit the particular situation, she herself scribbled the reply for typing by a secretary.

It was government by capsule, and occasionally government by tea cart. Admiral William Shepherd Benson, for example, was invited to tea by Mrs. Wilson and there learned of his appointment to the U. S. Shipping Board. It was also government by an indefatigable woman who was probably more blessed than not with common sense.

Mrs. Wilson strongly resented those who hinted that she was enjoying her new influence, and she steadfastly denied that she ever "made a single decision regarding the disposition of public affairs." At the same time, she readily conceded that it was she who made the very important decision of "what was important and what was not, and the *very* important decision of when to present matters to my husband."

When he was up to it, the President was doggedly cheerful and Mrs. Wilson allowed certain official visitors. On one occasion she accepted the request of Senator Albert B. Fall, an implacable foe of the President's, and another Senator who claimed they wished to discuss certain developments in Mexico as a two-man Senate subcommittee, and approved a meeting in the President's bedroom. Fall, of course, was simply trying to determine the President's competency.

Entering, the Senator said piously, ". . . Mr. President, we have all been praying for you."

Wilson laughed. "Which way, Senator?"

Senator Fall might have been

tempted to issue a damaging report on the President's fitness, but during the interview he faced a determined Mrs. Wilson sitting on the edge of the President's bed, pointedly recording in a notebook the entire conversation "so there may be no misunderstandings. . . ."

Fall was so cowed that on his emergence from the conference he foolishly announced President Wilson was much better than he actually was.

These were troubled times. Prices were rising, strikes threatened, and there was only the wasting shell of a President to lead the country.

Secretary of State Robert Lansing, with whom the President was not very close, attempted to keep some semblance of order by calling informal Cabinet meetings. But later, Wilson was so infuriated at what he called Lansing's "disloyalty" that he demanded and got the latter's resignation.

A second Cabinet member, Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, angrily resigned over the question of government oil leases when Mrs. Wilson balked at having the President go into the question.

In the end, of course, it was inevitable that Mrs. Wilson would compile an impressive list of enemies. The strains and pressures, if not any deliberate assumption of power on her part, caused her to become increasingly difficult to deal with. Particularly was this true in terms of the doomed Treaty fight, and the two principal victims were the President's devoted secretary, Joseph Tumulty, and doughty Senator Gilbert Hitchcock who led the Senatorial battle for the ratification of the Treaty.

The President himself was becoming less and less receptive to advice other than Mrs. Wilson's, and he himself complicated the Treaty fight by stubbornly refusing to compromise in any way with Senator Lodge's proposed amendments and "reservations."

At one point, the ailing Wilson startled his aides beyond belief by proposing that all Senators favoring the Lodge version resign their seats so that a new election could be held with the Treaty as the issue. If the opposition won, Wilson would resign and turn the Government over to the Republicans. If not, the Treaty would be passed in the exact form in which he wanted it.

Tumulty was consistently repulsed by Mrs. Wilson. When he opposed the firing of Secretary Lansing, she objected strenuously to his "intrusions." When he wrote her to ask that the President announce he would not seek a third term in order to keep the Republicans from accusing him of using the League as a *raison d'être* for renomination, she did not answer the letter.

Tumulty tried any number of devices to get through to the President to show him the futility of his refusal to compromise with Lodge.

In a Jackson Day letter drafted for the President's approval—a letter to be read by Homer Cummings—he attempted to show a spirit of compromise. Unfortunately, it was Mrs. Wilson who sent back the letter, edited with such an unerring pencil that compromise was rejected.

Slowly, the Treaty battle was lost.

Tumulty was consistently forced to fight for a position he knew was hopelessly unrealistic.

There was no way he could talk to Mrs. Wilson successfully. And he had to be so tactful in his letters to the President to get them past Mrs. Wilson that they were almost totally ineffective.

And so it went, until the final crushing Senate defeat in March with Edith Bolling Wilson at least partially responsible for the ineffectiveness of the President's long and unrewarding fight. Yet she must be given the last word:

"Woodrow Wilson was first my beloved husband whose life I was trying to save . . . after that he was the President of the United States."

Signs of the Times

A GUIDED MISSILE OFFICE in the Pentagon is reported to have this sign on the door: Out to Launch. —RICHARD MARKS

A STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL has taken down the sign in his office that said "Smile," and replaced it with a new one that says "Smile Anyhow."
—BILL GOLD (*Washington Post & Times Herald*)

SIGN IN A CHINESE restaurant: "Moo Goo Gai Pan—Just like Mother used to make." —AUDREY FRANK

A VANCOUVER RESTAURANT OPERATOR put a sign in his window advertising for a waitress. It fell across a sign advertising steaks. The resultant hash read: Juicy Experienced Waitress Wanted. —E. W. HAMPL

IN SAN DIEGO, a loan firm window sign reads: Ask About Our Plans for Owning Your Home. —ART RYON (*Los Angeles Times*)

A SIGN on a fence alongside the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks at Millbrae, California reads: "Millbrae Nursery School. Please Wave." —HERB CAEN (*San Francisco Chronicle*)

SIGN SEEN in suburban Philadelphia:
Children Playing
Drive Tenderly —EVELYN NAWN

SIGN on a canary's cage in pet shop: For Sale—Cheep!

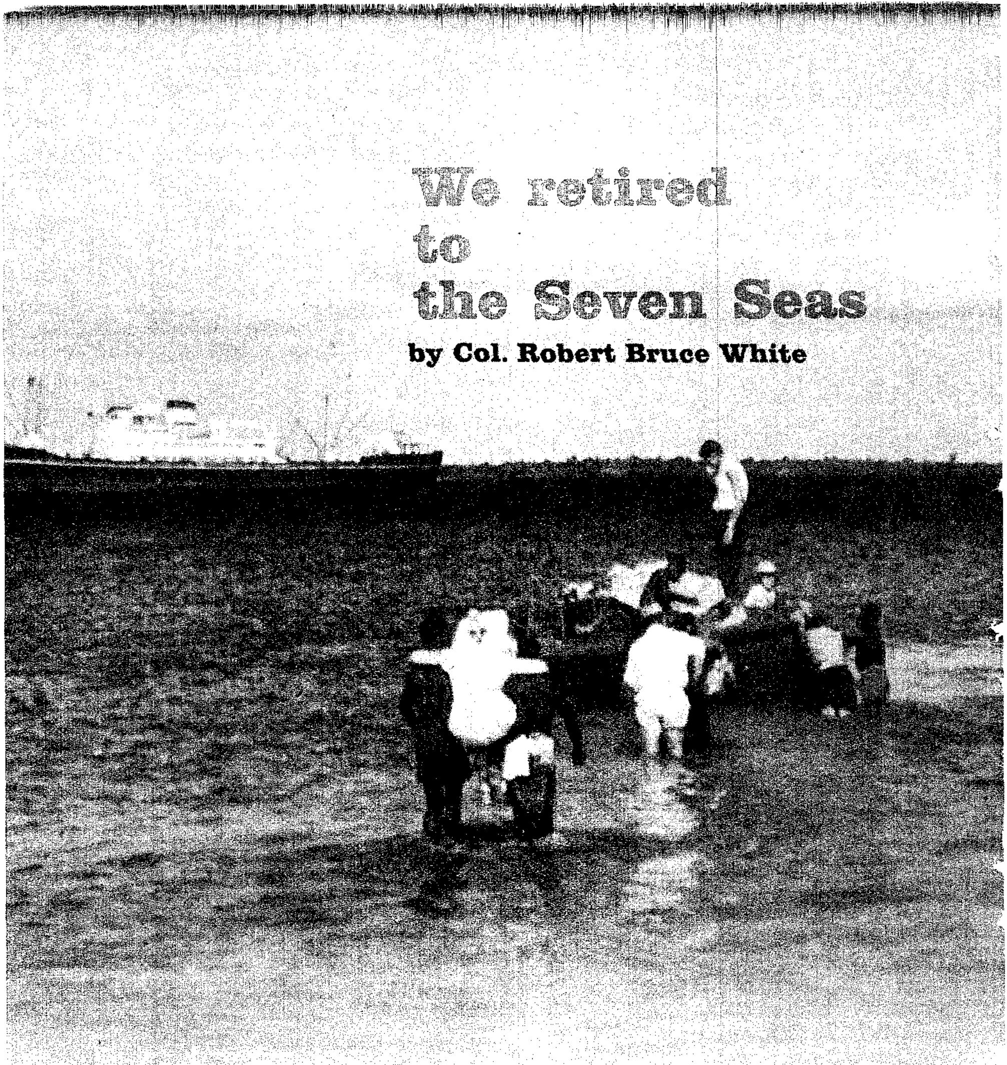
SIGN on a newly painted wall in a public building: This Is A Partition—Not A Petition. No Signatures Required.

TABLE CARDS at the Diamond Beach Club, Wildwood-by-the-Sea, New Jersey, read: "You will meet a beautiful woman. You will give her money. She is our cashier."

IDENTIFYING a beauty shop at a New Jersey resort is this sign: The Beach Comber. —CHARLES V. MATHIS

We retired to the Seven Seas

by Col. Robert Bruce White



TWENTY DIFFERENT cargo ships flying the flags of a dozen nations have been our happy home during much of the last four years. Logging better than 110,000 miles by sea, and many more inland, Peggy and I have made 97 different ports of call in 49 countries. And our total living expenses abroad have averaged only $11.30 a day apiece.

Our 20 different homes at sea represent a fair cross section of the world's cargo-with-passenger traffic today. Ranging from 1920 to 1956 models, from austere to luxurious in passenger appointments, from fair to exceptionally good in food service, they flew the flags of Australia, Britain, France, Germany, Holland, India, New Zealand, Norway, South

The author and his wife (below and left, at New Guinea) chose to travel rather than settle down when he left the Air Force. They visited 49 countries on 20 ships for $22.60 a day.

Africa, Spain, Sweden and the U.S.A.

"But how," ask well-meaning friends, "can you enjoy being cooped up week after week aboard those dirty little tubs?"

To this question, all we can say is that if you suffer wanderlust in virulent form, being so cooped up is by no means hard to take. Life aboard any ship has shortcomings. So has orthodox retirement. Fishing, gardening, contract bridge, even grandbaby sitting can become boring, too.

Admittedly, life aboard the *Cargo Queen* is a far cry from life on the *Queen Mary;* and ever so different from life in the U.S. Air Force. But although some of our freighter homes sadly needed paint on their rusty bulwarks, none was a "dirty little tub" so far as passengers were concerned. If they had been, we wouldn't have sailed on them.

Probably the sorriest vessel was the *Sapele,* a 970-ton assault transport built for the Pacific invasion and little modified since. Neither the officers' wardroom nor our two-bunk cabin was much larger than the baths of modern freighters. Her solitary bathroom, for both officers and passengers, had no lock on its door. (To avoid intrusion there, Peggy was cheerfully told to sing loudly while using the shower.)

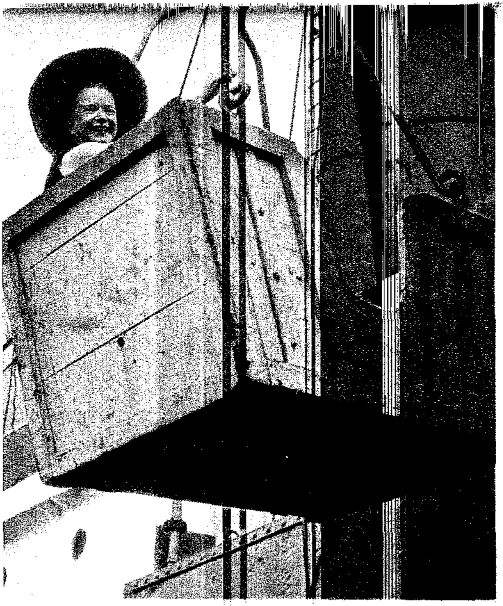
The food was mediocre; and the *Sapele's* steam winches, one just abaft our cabin bulkhead, sometimes hammered and clanked all night long. But all these shortcomings were offset by the charm of her British master and the unsurpassed beauty of our course through the Bight of Benin and the Niger Delta.

The *Malekula* was a seaworthy old mailcoach, grocery truck and tankwagon shuttling between Sydney and the villages scattered along the torrid, reef-infested coast of New Guinea and Papua. But she carried several fascinating passengers and officers; and every port of call, every mile of that beautifully forested, mountainous coastline is one to remember fondly.

"What do you *do* for days on end at sea?"

In the first place, there is always enjoyable reading if you've brought along those books you have intended all your life to read. Many ships have libraries and phonographs, even hi-fi, with a goodly collection of recordings. And we shall long remember the Norwegian stewardess of the *Libreville,* in Turko-Grecian waters, singing and playing her accordion, accompanied by the purser's husky baritone and mandolin.

Occasionally there may be dancing on the boatdeck, and there are always shuffleboard, darts, table tennis, bingo or howzy-wowzy. More



Landings were often unusual. Here Peggy rides box called "mammy-chair" ashore in Nigeria.

serious activity includes brushing up on foreign languages neglected now these many years, or becoming proficient in "seamanship for passengers," or even bird-watching. Thus far Peggy and I have identified no less than 37 different species of oceanic birds.

We've had no shipwrecks yet—knock, knock!—but there was the stormy night in the Southern Ocean when a whaler, hundreds of miles farther south, pleaded for aid. Her young doctor urgently needed advice in diagnosing the illness of a harpooner. The Irish surgeon who was our tablemate spent the next two hours on the wireless, not only diagnosing the trouble but actually directing in detail the surgery required. The harpooner survived.

When your ship is discharging or loading cargo, taking a day or even a fortnight for the job, you have ample opportunity for excursions inland. If time is limited to only a few hours in a dull port, it's fun to watch cargo-handling: cattle being forced to swim ashore from Soembawa roadstead; army mules objecting vigorously to leaving Marseille for Algeria; a 2,000-ton cargo of *vin rouge* being pumped aboard at Sète; or uranium ore being loaded at Lobito; or manganese ore at Gujek, a magnificent fjord-like anchorage on the Anatolian coast.

Wharf areas like the West India Docks of London, the quays of Port Said and Singapore are notoriously wicked places for Mr. and Mrs. Milquetoast to stroll of an evening. Yet Peggy and I have done so, many times, without ever being molested by anything worse than a plea for *baksheesh*. Enjoying the intriguing smells and sounds of the wharves, we have found our way around dark warehouses and huge piles of cargo, dodged cranes and locomotives, stumbled over snoozing stevedores and pie-dogs, talked with sailors, harbor police and wharf rats.

Then there is what we call port-pubbing: visiting neighboring ships at the quays, calling on their captains, always investigating the merits of their ocean-going pubs. With Scotch at 20¢ a dish, Genever gin at 12¢ a nip, and Bordeaux at 70¢ a bottle, even a single dollar may yield a merry evening.

Going ashore can be very exciting, like our call at Tabou on the Ivory Coast. Great swells were pounding that lonely shore, shooting glistening spray 50 feet skyward as they thundered onto the beach. Through this wicked surf we rode in native craft propelled by ten singing Kroo-boys, the world's best watermen. (In a lifetime of flying I have never had a more thrilling ride.)

Then there is the "mammy-chair" often used in West Africa, a wooden cubicle lowered by winch and cable from the lurching deck to the launch bobbing alongside. And the Jacob's ladder we had to use in Madagascar. Anyone who ever watched a pilot come aboard a liner in nasty weather, dexterously swinging himself from the lurching pilot boat to the ladder pounding the ship's side, knows that such a business is not for little children, nor unathletic adults.

The trip from ship to shore Peggy liked best was at Wewak, New Guinea. Brought by launch within 100 yards of the dazzling white sand beach, she was carried the rest of the way on the shoulders of a nearly naked New Guinean who waded through the surf to meet us. This unique landing she much prefers to surf-boats or mammy-chairs.

In isolated foreign ports you meet hospitable shipping agents who, if you're the only passengers, may entertain you in their clubs and homes. Probably the most delicious dinner amid charming surroundings we've known in many years of travel was in the Calcutta home of a British-India line tycoon we met aboard the *Santhia*.

At Rabaul in the Bismarck Archipelago, to provide a welcome break in the drab food service of the *Malekula,* a picnic was arranged. Assuredly, that gay party was no better epicurean triumph than the meals at sea. But the beauty of the picnic spot on a cacao plantation overlooking the harbor and the smoldering volcanoes beyond, made even cold mutton sandwiches and warm beer seem delicious.

At Victoria, that glorious little port below mighty Mount Cameroon, the Elder Dempster Lines provided—without charge—a car and driver to take us high up in the rain forests on its rugged slopes. In the Niger Delta, the Palm Line loaned us a car to visit the historic city of Benin, and at Tiko, British Cameroons, a private rail-car to show us around their vast banana plantations. Shore trips can be fascinating.

NO MATTER WHAT their race, creed or color, the freighter passengers we met were invariably cultured and interesting. And whatever the eccentricities of the passengers, the senior officers we encountered were almost always good conversationalists, courteous and hospitable.

Only once have we met a gruff captain, and he probably suffered from ulcers. Only once have we met a disagreeable purser-chief steward. Aboard the *Taroona,* off Tasmania, we discussed, ever so vitriolically, a dinner we couldn't or wouldn't eat.

After we retreated to our cabin, his little Aus*try*lian stewardess arrived with sandwiches and coffee. "Be a good boy now," she said, smiling sweetly. "Eat this, or I'll spank your ruddy tile." We did, and thereafter all was well.

"But how can your expenses be only $11.30 a day?" our friends often ask. "I am yet to find anything cheaper than $15 a day for passage, and $30 isn't uncommon. Where do you come by such bargains?"

Admittedly, travel bargains from American ports are hard to find. Our last crossing of the Pacific cost $20 a day, our last Atlantic crossing, $14.50. In May 1956, after a diligent search in New York for a West African booking within our budget, we found the brand-new *Libreville* which, after calling at 12 Mediterranean ports, would land us in Marseille for $9.30 a day.

Once out of American waters, the problem becomes much simpler. Our delightful cruise along the Nigerian Coast cost only $4.92; around New Guinea, $6.75; in Southeast Asia, $8.05; in the Malayan Archipelago, $8.50.

Travel costing less than $7.00 a day is still found in the Baltic, in Spanish insular possessions, in the Philippines, around Australia; and new German tramps often provide rare bargains. From Saint John, New Brunswick, the *Port Huon* took us to New Zealand for $8.56 a day.

The best buy we've yet made was for $430 apiece on a tramp that cruised for 86 over-stuffed days between Mombasa and Göteborg. Excellent smorgasbord with schnapps was served at every luncheon, often wine and liqueurs with dinner, and usually a Scotch nightcap before retiring—all for $5.00 a day, and in the owner's cabin. Only beer cost extra.

To bring the average over-all expense down to $11.30, I must confess that delays between voyages have been helpful. In the pound-sterling area, in Spanish and Portuguese possessions, the cost of living even with current inflation is low. There we have lived quite comfortably in good hotels, taking bus and rail excursions upcountry and making new friends while awaiting our next departure.

At two excellent hotels in Ceylon we paid $6.00 for room and board. In Calabar, Nigeria, the $3.00 charge at the government resthouse included all meals *and* laundry.

Probably the most pleasant "shore leave" we've enjoyed was in Mombasa, where the famous Nyali Beach Hotel provided a chalet with bath and personal servant, surf-bathing and dancing, and four excellent meals, all for $4.70. Both in London and Sydney we have had well-furnished apartments at a fraction of Stateside rentals.

How do we find such bargains? The truth is that few travel agencies are interested in freighter bookings, and for good reason: commissions are small. Moreover, all freighters are *not* clean. And some passengers take a dim view of mammy-chairs, surfboats and cold mutton.

But we don't mind plodding from one freight-shipping line to another. In London we made 22 calls before finding what we wanted; in New York it took a week to make our latest booking.

Once we have decided where to go next, our mission is to find a comfortable ship calling at several ports en route there, for delays substantially reduce the cost per day, a factor of vital importance in retirement budgeting. Slow, not fast, ships are our objective.

In some cities there are companies, like Vinka of Amsterdam, specializing in trampship movements. Then, too, the shipping company responsible for your arrival in port will often go all out to help you on your way. And there is always the obliging Cook's wagonlit.

Sometimes we have dealt directly with a ship captain by hiring a sampan and visiting his ship in the harbor. This has a dual advantage: brief inspection of cabins, lounge and galley will reveal whether accommodations are satisfactory; and you may even make a deal to occupy the pilot's quarters or the ship's hospital if space is not available on a short haul. By such calls we found two ships decidedly unsatisfactory; on another we found we could occupy the owner's suite.

The American "Official Steamship and Airways Guide," the British "ABC Guide," and Kenneth Ford's "Freighter Travel Guidebook" are quite useful in trip planning. Patience, too, is helpful; in retirement, when time no longer has much significance, you can afford to wait. There are real bargains to be had if you search for them, and search you must.

But we have found it is worth it. For, standing on the bridges of humble freighters, a privilege rarely granted on the *Queens,* we have entered the world's busiest, and loneliest, harbors. At the captain's table we have enjoyed good food and drink and stimulating conversation. In the comfort of the lounge we have watched spray flying high into the rigging and drenching the windows before us. We have seen magnificent sunrises over the Spanish Sahara, a superb sunset amid the wild beauty of the Great Barrier Reef, the glory of moonlight over Pico de Santa Isabel on beautiful Fernando Poo.

To faraway places we have traveled, and we have found improved health and peace of mind in jolly good measure. And all quite inexpensively, too.

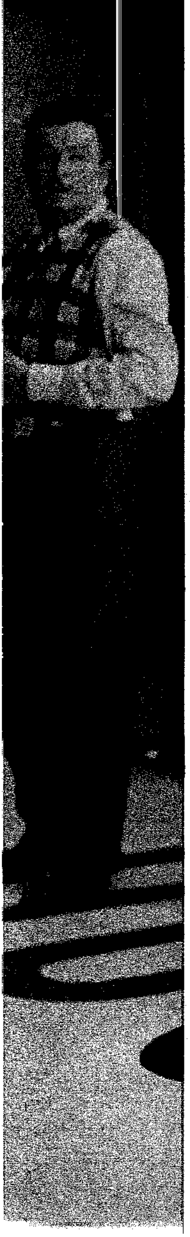
Why Indeed!

THE CONTROVERSY RAGING over inflation reminds me of the Alabama farmers trading horses. One said to his neighbor, "What will you take for that horse?" When he was told $100, the farmer promptly said, "Sold."

Then the seller began to worry, "Maybe he knows more about that horse than I do," and went to the buyer with an offer of $150, which was accepted. Whereupon the first farmer feared he had been deceived and bought the horse back for $200.

This went on until the price got up to $1,500. When a man from another county finally came in and bought the horse for $2,000, the first farmer said, "Now why did you let him get away? We were both making a good living out of him."

—BROOKS HAYS *(Arkansas Baptist)*



those

by Rex Lardner

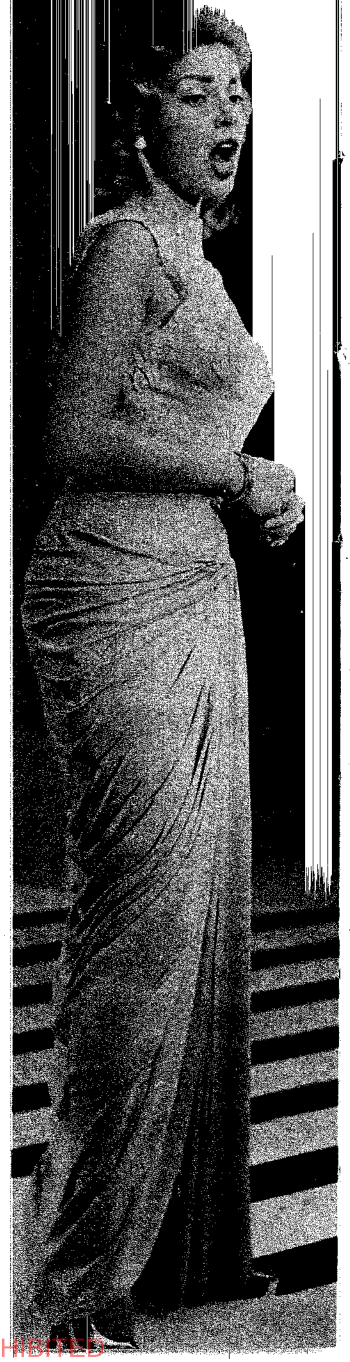
On a particularly sombre day back in the 1930s, band leader Xavier Cugat hit rock bottom. His doctor, a kidney specialist, had virtually given him up for dead. Loaded with pills and injections (which didn't seem to help any), too far gone to withstand an operation, Cugat resigned himself to dying. Notice of his passing, in fact, ran in a Los Angeles newspaper. And he was given the last rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

Then, miraculously, he pulled through, pale, gaunt—and grateful.

Cugat, today, is a remarkably chipper, slightly plump, natty man of 58, with squinty eyes, a sharp aquiline nose and a delicately carved mustache. He attributes his cure to two things: to the bedside prayers of his wife—at the time, Carmen Castillo—his brother, Francis, the actress Margo (his niece), and two good friends, the late beloved Manie (Emanuel) Sacks and his wife. And secondly, to a streak of Castilian stubbornness he says he inherited from his father, who used to make political speeches against the King of Spain when European kings were enjoying power and popularity.

The doctor's bill came to $10,000. Reading over his obituary, Cugat was happy to pay it.

The band leader is married now



Artist-designer-bandleader Xavier and Abbe make sweet bank notes together—over 700,000 a year

to the beautiful, young (in her mid-20s), statuesque (five-nine in heels) and peppy Abbe Lane, who stars in the Broadway musical, *Oh Captain!* And he is one of the busiest, healthiest, shrewdest, and wealthiest men in show business. He has expensive tastes, 105 flamboyant vests (he collects vests), an annual income that averages around $500,000, and an infinite capacity for enjoying life.

Cugat's money comes from record sales; from appearances with his band in rooms like the Café Rouge at the Statler Hilton and the Starlight Roof at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York; from projects like the TV series he did with Abbe last summer, and TV guest shots and theater appearances with the band. The most-traveled of American band leaders, Cugat spends three or four months a year outside the United States (painting when he's not working). And he has various business enterprises, like the 21 Cugat dancing schools in Texas.

In past years, Cugat's natural ability as an art designer and caricaturist—he discovered the latter talent when he was nine—have earned him commissions to do the "curtain of stars" for Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood and frescoes in oil for the Waldorf-Astoria lounge. An artist who attacks the canvas with the broadly curved strokes of a man leading an orchestra, Cugat once arranged a Rome exhibit of his paintings, unsigned. They were all bought the first day.

For her part, the generously proportioned (38-24-37) Miss Lane, who has flaming burnt-orange hair and long, doe eyes, is almost equally versatile. She is an actress, a linguist, a contralto who has been said to sing with her hips. She draws a perceptive caricature of her husband. (Cugat finds he cannot do a portrait of Abbe, for some reason.) Like Xavier, who was born in Barcelona, Spain, she is a bullfight buff—although she was born in Brooklyn.

Abbe, a frank, outspoken girl, is the first to admit that her singing voice is not the world's greatest. "But," she points out, "I have style."

The combination of her "style" and rhythmic physiological movements, set off by remarkably clinging gowns, earn her $3,000 per TV appearance. For her part in *Oh Captain!*—in which she sings and speaks the role of a sensual French girl—she makes $1,500 a week.

In Italy, where, to her delight, she is considered primarily an actress, she makes up to $60,000 per film. (Her income added to Cugat's gives them a total of over $700,000 a year.) She has made nine pictures in Europe in the past three years cast as a comedienne or in straight dramatic roles. Cugat takes immense pleasure in Abbe's accomplishments (he has seen *Oh Captain!* 22 times).

Abbe from Brooklyn is of German descent on her father's side and Spanish on her mother's. Thanks to her musical ear, she picks up languages as easily as most people pick up a cold, and she shares her husband's knack for foreign diplomacy. She has talked and sung to audiences of about 15 countries in their own language or dialect, including Japanese and Tagalog. She sang a lullaby in Catalan to 80,000 people just before a bullfight.

"The whole audience was streaming with tears," Cugat recalls proudly, "that for them Abbe should take such trouble."

Abbe, who sings with her hips, acts with same in the Broadway hit, "Oh Captain!"

The King of Siam played the saxophone in Cugat's band when the pair visited Bangkok, and such is their popularity in Rome that they seldom venture into the daytime streets, because crowds of chanting pedestrians follow them shouting, "Abbe! Abbe!"

"If her fans kill her, that means they love her," Cugat says with a touch of pride.

Cugat's pride in Abbe—he glows when he talks about her talents—is actually something of an acknowledgment of his own pedagogic ability. For she is, in a sense, as much a creation of Cugat's as the five-drum rack he invented for Congo drums.

He first saw Abbe when she sang and danced in the Broadway musical, *As the Girls Go*. A few days later, he met her when both appeared on the Vincent Lopez radio program. The next day he signed her to sing with his band.

Despite Abbe's sparkle, Cugat felt he had a problem. "What was I going to do," he asked himself, "with a blonde singer that she eats nothing but lettuce sandwiches?"

In the course of a few months, this and other things changed. Abbe's hair color was switched to red. Because Cugat ordered his sidemen to speak only Spanish to her and had her listen to Spanish records, she shortly spoke that language fluently. Today, when the Cugats spat, they do so bilingually.

Before escorting her to her first bullfight he insisted that Abbe devour the sport's history, the names of its performers and the details of its technique.

"It turns out Abbe is wild about bullfights," Cugat says. "Many ears have been dedicated to her. She identifies with both the matador and the bull. It's those two against the screaming crowd hollering for blood."

"It's true," Abbe admits. "I have a very dominant personality. But if I dominate someone I lose all respect for him. I admire the fierce bull and the matador that risks being gored to control him. I admire courage, especially if it's artistic."

IN THE CUGATS' New York apartment, which consists of the top two floors of the exclusive Lombardy Hotel, and which he paid $75,000 for (plus $1,200 a month for maintenance), are many evidences of the Cugats' absorption in the *corrida.* There is a curved-line painting by Cugat of a matador leaning away from a charging bull, and displayed prominently, the jacket, hat and cape of famous Spanish bullfighters.

Next to what must be the world's largest bird cage—the home for their parakeet looks as though it belonged in a duke's dungeon—are Aztec terra-cotta statues and a *brasero,* or foot-warmer, from 14th-century Spain. On the walls are paintings by masters like Utrillo, Diego Rivera, Antonio Corpora, Juan Gris and Siqueiros. Most of Cugat's paintings (signed "Cugi") stand in a little upstairs room, together with the medals and scrolls he has received from a dozen governments for his musical showmanship.

The only thing the apartment lacks is closets. As a result, Abbe has to keep her 125 dresses and 150 pairs of shoes in steamer trunks. (Abbe's shoes come from Rome, with, Cugat has estimated, the highest heels ever worn by woman—about four and a half inches.) They crowd Cugat's vest collection—including one made of gold lamé—and his 65 suits, mostly dark with stripes.

The Cugats' day generally begins about 11, when they are in New York. They breakfast in bed, then make the business calls they consider important, and walk the two dogs—Cachita, the chihuahua, and Suzy, the poodle.

They try to have dinner—Cugat's favorite meal—together in the apartment or at a restaurant. On show nights Abbe just picks at her food. She generally pops over to the room Cugat and his band play in after her show, and the two go home together.

Each of them had a very sober, play-free childhood, for each was a prodigy. Because his father's politicking against the King of Spain had got Cugat, his parents and his three brothers expelled from Spain, Cugat's first musical interest came to light in Cuba. He was handed a violin at six and soon spent nine hours a day practicing.

At 11, he was first violinist with Havana's Teatro Nacional Symphony Orchestra. He so impressed Enrico Caruso, in Cuba for concert appearances, that Caruso suggested the two tour America together.

The offer brought the entire Cugat family to America. Later, after touring with Caruso, Cugat gave concerts on his own. But successive lukewarm reviews made him determined to succeed as a newspaper cartoonist—for which he had a natural talent—but he found deadlines stifling, and quit.

Charlie Chaplin, who had heard Cugat play, engaged him to do the soundtrack of a movie. Then Cugat, glowing with ambition, wrote, produced and directed a horrible failure of a musical.

In desperation, he assembled a gaily caparisoned six-piece band. They played Latin-American music American style—a formula Cugat invented, perfected and which no one has been able to emulate. At the time, showman Cugat wore a blue beret, even while having breakfast in bed. He swung a four-foot baton.

Little by little, as he toured the country, discovering such stars as Rita Hayworth and Desi Arnaz, Cugat persuaded Americans to share his enthusiasm for Cuban music and dance. He shortly became known as King of the Rumba.

During this time, Cugat was married and divorced twice—to Miss Castillo and to Lorraine Allen. Although both ladies sang with his band, on neither of them did he lavish the professional attention he has on Abbe.

Abbe is the daughter of a former Miss New York City and a men's clothing salesman. She has an older brother, of whose Air Force record in World War II she speaks glowingly. When she was four, Abbe—named for her father, who spells his name "Abbey"—was an actress and vocalist on a children's radio show. At six, she apeared in short features for Vitaphone. Mature beyond her years at 14, she felt the amateur theatrics of P.S. 119 were too square, and attacked Broadway.

Wearing carefully applied make-up, she bamboozled George Abbott into thinking she was 16, and landed a part in the musical, *Barefoot Boy With Cheek*. Other musicals followed, and in 1949 she met Cugat and made a fiery impression as his band vocalist. Three years later they were married.

A few weeks ago, Abbe, dressed in slacks and a varicolored wool sweater, was stirring chocolate mixed with peppers for one of Cugat's favorite dishes. The Cugats' kitchen is big, because both members of the household like to cook exotic foods. All the glasses, cups and plates bear Cugat's caricature and there is a TV set next to the flour container.

"I'm really two people," Abbe said, looking up from the bowl. "Part of me wants to have children, cook meals, sew and do all those domestic things. But another part of me insists that I dress up, move in rhythm to a band and sing. Maybe after I'm fulfilled careerwise, I'll settle down."

"She will never settle down," Cugat said, beaming as she poured the chocolate-with-peppers over a pair of lobsters. "She would miss the whistles."

Hearing Things

A NEW YORK BILLING CLERK had to be put away for mental care. He kept hearing strange invoices!

—BENNETT CERF (*"Try and Stop Me"*)

CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

"Over my dead body"

by JUNE OPIE

A young woman's fight to conquer her polio-wracked muscles —and how courage and a smile helped her triumph

From OVER MY DEAD BODY, by June Opie. Copyright 1957, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc.

"But I'm not ill enough to go to the hospital," I said, with astonishment born of disbelief.

The hotel doctor put his hand on my shoulder. "Well, you go along, and let them be the judge of that."

"How long will I be there?"

"It will take them two or three days to find out exactly what is wrong," he said.

"Will they take this pain away?"

"Yes, I should think so." He took three white tablets out of a bottle. "Do you think you could swallow these? I shall go and order an ambulance."

He went out of the door as I was swallowing the tablets. A few seconds later the maid came in, just as the tablets reappeared.

"Oh, dearie," she said, "couldn't the doctor do no good?"

"Hospital," I gulped, as I pulled a blanket around me, for I had begun shaking every time a wave of pain or cold gripped me. While they came alternately, life was reasonably normal, but when they struck simultaneously, nausea came with them, and I was carried away in a flood of unreality from which I emerged exhausted but grateful.

"I'll be puttin' a few things in a bag for you, dearie," the maid said. " 'Scuse me askin', but wouldn't you be havin' folks?"

"Not here." I was too agonized to explain. But I had just arrived from my native New Zealand two days before, and had checked into this London hostel the moment I got off the ship. It was my first trip to England. I'd looked forward to a gay two weeks' holiday before starting to study for my career in speech therapy. Then suddenly, whatever had me in its clutches now, had struck. I was 21 and had never known a day's illness. Now the idea of hospital was no longer unreasonable.

In the ambulance a few minutes later I began tunnelling. And that was the beginning of fear. The tunnel in which I found myself resembled a large city sewer, with a green slippery seaweed-like growth lining its curving walls. It was dark, dank, and cold. I was an oversized, white, naked body, with frantic fingers scrabbling at the slithery weed in an endeavor to prevent myself from sliding into the slime beneath.

I fought until I became aware that I had my arms round something solid and immovable. It was a pair of uniformed knees belonging to the ambulance man.

"Thank God," I gasped, "you're still with me."

"Yes, I'm still here. You're having a rough journey, aren't you, lass? Never mind, we'll soon be there."

Incomprehension clouded in until I became aware of a gigantic female figure poking something into my mouth. I recognized a uniform, so I supposed I was in the hospital. I had no memory of arriving. A hand drew the thermometer out of my mouth, and a voice said, "Have you had this on your hot-water bottle?"

"No." I was furious, but could not even manage to sound indignant. My unrelenting enemies, pain, cold and nausea, were beginning to blind me to ordinary events and I was unaware of entering the ward. But a blessed warmth was encompassing me, giving flight to my shivering spasms. I was lying under a large steel cradle, the inside of which was lined with light bulbs whose heat radiated comfort to my body.

A doctor was on his way. "Is he somebody important?" I asked, because the nurse had wheeled a trolley, with a businesslike looking array of instruments on it to the foot of my bed.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Dr. Timms is a neurologist, and Dean of the Medical School. This is his ward."

A veritable retinue, headed by a tall, erect man in his 40s, streamed in. I was surprised to see a grim but determined expression on his face as he bent over me and said: "I've got to examine this back of yours. It won't be pleasant for you."

It was not.

When he was finished, Dr. Timms turned to his assistant, and said, "Try and get her temperature down, Dr. Black. And do a lumbar puncture immediately. I'll see you tomorrow, June."

Surprisingly the lumbar puncture wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I said, "I didn't feel the needle going in at all."

The doctor laughed shortly. "You wouldn't, not with all the other things that must be going on in your back."

"Do you know what is causing the pain?" I asked apprehensively.

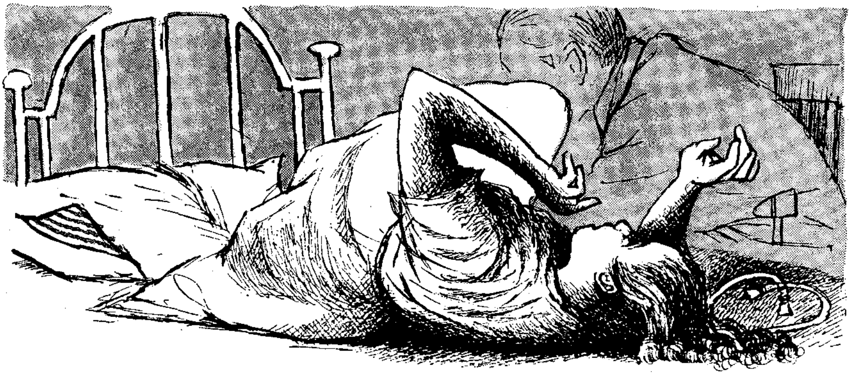
His eyes were direct and honest. "No, I don't."

"Does Doctor Timms know?"

"No, he doesn't know either. That's why he ordered this," indicating the hypodermic syringe full of the fluid that had been drawn from my back.

I had ceased worrying about the causes for things: effects were all-important. My headache was decidedly easier and I was kept warm. All day I lay in hope. There were no more examinations, or people to push my tortured body about. The night was not as good. The pain wouldn't let me sleep.

The next morning they moved the bed, with me in it, into a much larger ward where there seemed to be quite a number of other patients



Waves of pain and nausea engulfed me as I lay in a hotel room thousands of miles from home.

whose voices came through the screens. Their one topic of conversation was food. Just listening made me nauseous. I sat up to grab my basin. To my complete amazement I remained lying flat on my back, but a basin I must have, so I called Nurse. Sister (the head nurse of the ward) came, took in the situation at a glance, and attended to my needs.

"Sister," I said when it was all over, "such a funny thing's happened. I can't sit up. I never knew anyone could get as weak as that just because they hadn't eaten for a few days."

"Didn't you, my dear?" She turned quickly and left me.

A few minutes later I saw Dr. Timms' face above the screens. He smiled, came in and said, "Try and sit up, just once, when I give you the word. Right — now!" My brain obeyed his command, but not my body.

I dared not ask him what was in my mind. Everyone seemed to regard him with a respectful silence, which I was afraid it was not my place to interrupt. What he wanted to divulge he would, when he considered it advisable.

As the day progressed I found it increasingly difficult to grasp the fact that I was really myself. I discovered that I could not roll over in bed. And with the coming of night my hands ceased to obey my will. I hated that, and was terrified.

Fear reached its peak the next afternoon. I dreamt that I was drowning. At last, in the silt and swirling water, I choked. . . .

Sister was tugging at my hand when I opened my eyes. "What happened, June?"

I was gasping. "I dreamt I was drowning, Sister."

She did not appear to be paying much attention to what I was saying as she disappeared through the gap between the screens. I felt rebuked. She returned in a little while with Dr. Timms, who uttered but a curt word of greeting as he bent over me with a watch in his hand. I was still gasping.

"Don't talk, June—just lie there."

He stood over my body for some considerable time before they both left me. Their silence was bewildering. A nurse came and was going through a temperature-pulse routine, made difficult by my shuddering breath, when I heard something which sounded very heavy and cumbersome, being trundled into the ward. A number of young men, some nurses, Dr. Timms, Dr. Black, and Sister were pushing a huge white box on wheels which they jockeyed about until it stood parallel with my bed. It was a hideous thing, looking unpleasantly like a coffin mounted on four legs. A big oblong box, all closed up: then I saw the hole in the top end of it. A hole about the size of a person's neck. "Oh, God," I prayed almost aloud, "don't let them put me in that. Please God! I'd die in that box."

There was a tramp of retreating feet, then silence. I looked at the two people standing by my bed.

Dr. Timms sat down beside me. "June," he said, in a voice so kind and gentle that I could guess what he had to say, "I'm afraid you will have to be put in that. We wouldn't do it, if we didn't have to."

"But why?"

"It will do your breathing for you, until you are strong enough to manage it yourself."

"I can breathe."

"Now, my dear, you know perfectly well that every breath you draw is an effort, and a greater one, every time."

The rapid rasping noise I was making was sufficient evidence for that, but I was dogged by fear. "Sister," I gasped, "please don't let him put me in that."

Sister took my hand firmly in both of hers, "It is for your own safety, my dear."

Dr. Timms got to his feet. "I'll get Dr. Black," he said to Sister; "don't leave her."

"No, please don't leave me, Sister. I'm so frightened."

"Don't talk, June. Try and save your breath. I'll stay with you, for as long as you want me. And you've got to be a sensible girl, and a brave girl, and let Dr. Timms put you in. I know you're exhausted, and you're in pain, and you're badly frightened, but you will help yourself, and all of us who want to see you well again, if you do as Dr. Timms asks and be brave about it."

I thought what a coward I had just proved myself to be, and was ashamed. But I felt panic rising again as the effort to draw a breath reached the stage where it almost exhausted me. I dared not speak to Sister but she bent over me and said quietly:

"Take it as easily as you can, and concentrate everything you've got on your breathing."

It was fear at its worst. Nebulous discs of black, then red, swam toward me out of a mist, a deafening noise, and through it all a faint voice saying: "Careful with her arms and legs—I'll take her head." I was catapulted through space, spinning wildly. Then I became conscious that I was taking in great gulps of air. I was alone, lying on a steep hill head downwards, but I could breathe again—and breathe freely.

Thus I passed from April into May.

I MUST DEAL with the present, first of all. The past, if it was to be of any use, would fall into line as I went along; the future, temporarily, must be left to itself. I was in the box—of that I was certain. I was also happily surprised that it was neither painful nor frightening. There were two extraordinary and penetrating noises keeping pace with each other. One seemed to issue from the box, the other from me. At least they've got rhythm if they've got nothing else, I thought. Then I focused on solving the riddle of what lay inside the box, for there was no doubt that it belonged to me.

Starting at my feet I worked slowly upwards, carefully testing every portion of my body for signs of movement. I sometimes found myself drifting away with weariness, for it was a long, exhaustive self-examination: toes, feet, knees, legs, hips, bottom, stomach, back, chest, shoulders, arms, hands, fingers. Nothing moved. There was no pause for lamentations, or queries, no time for fear. If this was something which had to be fought, I must assess the total damage, so that I knew what had been left of me with which to fight it. Obviously what was inside the box was, at the moment, dead, and must be dismissed . . . but what of that outside?

Driven on beyond weariness, I tried to move my neck, but that was caught fast in some sort of collar. I tried my jaw—it moved. I could not lift my head, or turn it sideways, but I could blink what I imagined were both my eyelids, and I could hear. I could see quite clearly when I looked to the left, or straight ahead, but a blurred arc of confused objects was all that met me when I turned my eyes to the right. To the left was a patch of blue sky. Straight ahead of me was the upper half of a steel girdle, about a foot wide, which was part of the collar encircling my neck. The collar separated my head from my body; the living from the dead. I had discovered what I had to know, so I shut my eyes and left it at that.

"Hello," said a surprised but soft voice from somewhere behind me.

"Arrh," was my reply. I was astounded, because what I had meant to say was, "Hello." My first thought, that I had lost the power of speech, was frightening. My second, that my family would never believe such a thing, was rueful, and it pulled me up short. The past leapt suddenly into focus. My family: my mother, my father and my sister in New Zealand—what did they know of me? I had been too ill to send a cable, I remembered.

"June, can't you see me?"

My bewildered thoughts swiveled back to the present. "Arrh," I said.

I saw the head and shoulders of a nurse. What I could see of her face was pale, but conveyed little, for she was wearing a gauze mask. A white starched cap sat well back on her soft brown hair, her eyes were gray and smiling.

"Look, we'll tackle this speech business later. Can you wink?"

I batted my left eyelid.

"Splendid. When you want to say 'yes,' you wink that eye, and when you want to say 'no,' leave it open—got it?"

I winked at her.

"My name is Joyce Farley," she said. "You are in a small room in St. Mary's Hospital, and you're in an iron lung. I'm with you all the time during the day, except when I go off for meals, and then another nurse comes to relieve me. You have a special night nurse who has a relief also. You are never left alone, so there is no need ever to be frightened."

I heard someone approaching. Nurse said, "Come and stand here under the window. She seems to see you best in this position."

One face replacing another, and masked as the second was, there was no mistaking the brown-eyed, bespectacled Dr. Black. "Well! This is grand, June, isn't it?"

I winked.

A dull red rose above the mask,

and his eyes shifted. My amazement, as I realized that he was acutely embarrassed by such unexpected behavior, was unbounded, and quite without pity, because as soon as his eyes came back to my face I winked again. His discomfort increased.

"Look here—what are you two up to? Is this a conspiracy?"

"No. Sorry, Doctor. It's our system of communication. That wink means 'yes,' not . . . not . . ." and Nurse started laughing.

"But she ought to be able to talk. I'm pretty sure of that," Dr. Black said.

The fault, I gathered, lay not in me but in the box. Attached to the end of the lung was a long, fat, hose-like piece of tubing. Somewhere along this was a huge contraption, resembling fireside bellows, from which a further length of tubing led to an electric plug in the wall. With the turning of a switch the bellows worked in exactly the same manner as they would to create a fire draught. They pushed and sucked air in and out of the lung at intensely high pressure. As the air pressed down against my body my ribs were forced inwards, and air came rushing out of my mouth. As the pressure was released my ribs and lungs expanded, causing air to be sucked down through my mouth. Thus, I breathed.

While air was being sucked down my throat, speech was impossible so we concentrated on making something intelligible come through the sizzle of exhalation. After much trial and error, the first faint sounds issued. I waited for an outrush of air. "Nurse Farley," I shouted quickly. It came as a whisper; but it came. A little later I heard strange but familiar footsteps coming toward me. I could not believe what I saw above that gauze mask, but a hand was on my cheek conveying more than the voice, that said: "Hello, June." There stood Peter Johns. He had been my shipboard friend, and great fun. But I had thought he lacked stability, so I had decided to forget him.

Peter let me recover before he spoke again. "Sorry, my dear, I suppose I came as a bit of a shock to you."

"How—"

"Did I know? Look, don't you talk. Nurse says I'm not to tire you, but I'll endeavor to bring you up to date as best I can, in the time allowed. . . . First, there's your family. They know—through the New Zealand High Commissioner. He sent them a cable, as soon as he knew—the hospital got in touch with him—and there's one been sent, every day, since. I've written to your mother and tried to explain things to her. I've been to the hostel where you were staying and collected all your gear. And there's quite a bundle of mail for you. I'll bring it over tomorrow and read it to you."

Out of a confused maze of thought I remembered that Peter was supposed to be going to Italy.

"Italy?" I queried.

His eyes came back to my face and he shrugged slightly. "Oh, I've postponed my trip for a while."

"When—when did you first . . . see me?"

He looked away and said quickly, "Please, don't let us go into that." I was horrified to see that there were tears in his eyes.

As he stood there, I remembered my previous judgment of him. It seemed he had sacrificed a great deal, and done much to help a friend in adversity. "Peter. You've been . . . wonderful."

"Fiddlesticks!" There was a hint of his old impatience, then a smile, in his eyes. "You've set a pretty high standard in that direction yourself."

I had done nothing but pick up a bug, I thought.

AFTER HE LEFT, Nurse Farley spoke sternly to me. I must stop worrying about anything else and concentrate on getting well.

From that moment, I decided, if somewhat callously, that I must leave the outside world alone, in order to pit all my strength and thought against that dead body inside the lung. I owed something to these people who were standing by, and I could not hope to repay my debt to them by prolonged immobility.

"Nurse, when can . . . I start learning to . . . swallow?"

"As soon as you've had a rest we'll try our first experiment."

A few minutes after four o'clock a stream of orange juice was ejected from my mouth, like water from a siphon, finding a target in the center of Nurse Farley's white starched apron-bib.

"Sorry, Nurse."

"That's all right. I know you're not spitting on me purposely. But I think I'd better move out of range." Nurse experimented with large quantities and small. She dropped it into the back of my throat and on the tip of my tongue. It was all to no avail.

By this time I had an idea. Haltingly, I explained that, as far as I could determine, my spitting was caused by the exhalation of air when my body was under pressure in the lung. With an outrush of air, everything else rushed out in its wake; speech and orange juice. The only way to overcome such forceful ejection was for me to be able to control the fluid as it entered my mouth, so that I swallowed only when I was inhaling. We finally worked it out with a bent-glass straw which I held with my teeth. I covered the hole with my tongue until inhalation time.

"I want to hear you talk. Tell me what you can do," Dr. Timms said when he came to examine me the next morning.

Killing several birds with one stone, I thought. "I can see . . . to my left . . . hear normally . . . I can speak . . . as I breathe out . . . and swallow as I breathe in—"

"There'll be no fear of her talking and eating at the same time, sir, as long as she's in the lung."

I wanted to join in the laughter that followed Dr. Black's remark. "I can't laugh," I gasped.

Dr. Timms recovered himself. "Don't worry about that as long as you can enjoy the joke. And now, I must examine you. I'm afraid that will not be much of a joke. Just say 'yes,' when you feel anything."

He pricked and scraped a pin from toe to neck over the flesh inside the iron lung. I assuredly could feel: a "yes-man" had nothing on me.

When he had finished with the pin, he waved his finger about in front of me, asking me to tell when it disappeared from my view; he shone a little bright light in my eyes, peered down my throat, and poked around inside my ears.

"June, you are doing splendidly. Keep it up. I shall be back tomorrow. Good-bye."

"Nurse, what is . . . wrong with me?"

Her gray eyes were direct. "They can't seem to decide what it is."

"Do they think . . . I'm infectious?"

"No. I'm pretty sure of that."

"Then why does . . . everyone have a mask?"

"That's for safety. Yours. So you won't catch any germs that people may be carrying. By the way, one of the pathologists from the laboratories is interested in you and wants to come and read to you some time. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes please . . . very much."

During the days and nights that followed, both Nurse Farley and my night nurse, Penny Carew, spoke encouragement and comfort when they were unable to do anything to relieve pain. Dr. Meiklejohn, the pathologist, and Peter relieved the tedium of the day by reading. I tried to tell them something of my appreciation. Their daily appearances did much to restore equanimity to my frequently troubled mind. No human being could lie in a box, day and night, without wondering what it was all about and where it was going to end—how long I would have to pump out my existence in an iron lung.

I continued to wonder until the day I awoke from one of my spasmodic sleeps to hear a rich bass voice, inclined to abruptness, barking unmistakable indignation: "Great Scott, man! I can't do anything with her in that thing. If she can get herself out of it, let me know."

That was all I heard, but it was sufficient. My head was joined to a dead body, but that was no excuse for my brain to rot. Mentally I kicked myself, because the idea that the struggle to get myself out of the lung was my struggle had never crossed my mind. I spared a grateful thought to the man whose few words were my spur, and turned my attention to the battle.

"Did you hear . . . that, Miss Farley?"

"What? Mr. Muir talking to Dr. Timms?"

I did not care who had been talking to whom. "That bit about . . . getting myself—"

"Out of the lung?"

"I want to make . . . a start."

"Phew! When you get an idea, you certainly don't let any grass grow under your feet. I'll see Dr. Black."

Both Dr. Black and Dr. Timms arrived in answer to Nurse's phone call. I was to be taken out of the lung for short intervals, gradually increasing the time between coming out and going back.

"How long will it . . . take?"

Dr. Timms answered me. "We don't know. But when you can stay out of the lung for an hour, without a break, and without collapsing, we'll transfer you to something else."

"May I start . . . right away?"

"Yes. You stay, Black. Never turn the lung off. Take her out. Good luck, June." He vanished.

My most obstinate deterrent was fear; fear that I could not go on breathing without mechanical assistance. Anyone who is frightened instinctively catches his breath, and, when there is little or no breath to catch, anything is likely to happen. That first effort was rather calamitous.

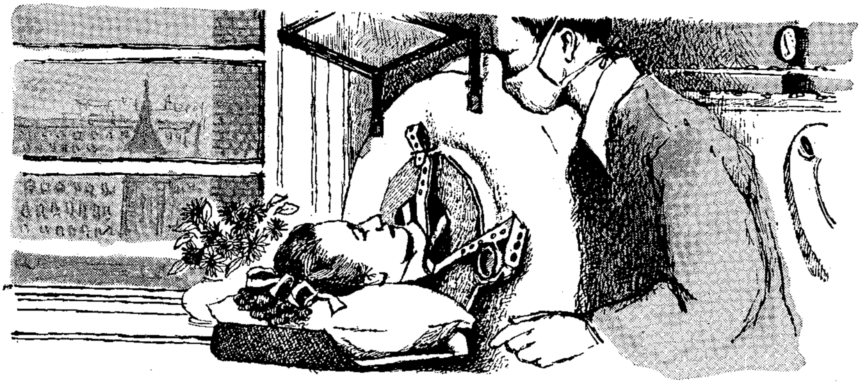
Next day we began a new campaign by opening first one porthole, then the other, and with the consequent diminution in pressure I was forced to control my breathing to a certain extent. I gradually began to forge ahead, perhaps a minute one day; the next, two.

During this time my right eye began to focus with more certainty, so I asked Dr. Black if there was any possibility of doing my own reading. He jumped at the suggestion. The head engineer soon appeared with a kit of tools, a sheet of glass, and a warrior-like gleam in his eye. When he left, there was a sheet of plate glass protruding from the top of the lung directly over my face. Nurse placed an open book, face downwards, on it. I could read. But the pages had to be turned over for me.

On a Friday morning, I spent my first full hour out of the lung. It was not long before the heavy tramping of feet heralded the arrival of many more people than just Dr. Timms and Dr. Black. Something was pushed clumsily and noisily into the room.

"That's your bed," whispered Nurse Farley. A bed, a proper bed, with a mattress; something wide and soft to lie on and a pillow for my head—it sounded like a little spot in Heaven.

Dr. Timms was at the corner of the lung. "June, we are going to put you into a respirator that straps



Dr. Timms had good news for me—no more iron lung. I was being moved to a nice, soft bed.

round your body, and then transfer you to a bed. Don't think of anything, except your breathing."

The lung was switched off. I puffed frantically, in and out, because my life depended on it; then I realized that a great weight had been lifted from my neck. I was free of my steel collar; and freedom from that was so blessed that I puffed with renewed vigor for fear of finding myself in its clutches once more. Hands were lifting my body. I was lowered onto something cold and rough, which was pulled tighter and tighter around me until I could not puff any more.

My new respirator was called a Paul Brag Pulsator. It was a two-way rubber jacket, fitting tightly round my body from groin to armpits. To it were attached two pieces of rubber tubing that led to a machine run by a battery. One of these tubes pushed air into the Paul Brag, to inflate it, while the other sucked air from it, to deflate it. The result was that of someone administering artificial respiration with his hands clasped round my ribs. Its advantages over the lung were many, the most important of which lay in the fact that, while I was in the pulsator, a certain amount of breathing control was required of me.

Before my illness, I had known that there were such things as iron lungs, but they were nothing more than a name to me. Now I knew I had been unable to breathe without one. But on the cause of my inability to breathe I was wholly ignorant. I grew so tired of wondering that I eventually made my own diagnosis. The doctors could think what they pleased: I had spinal meningitis, from which, I reckoned, it was only a question of time before I should recover. This thought kept me very happy.

Late one afternoon a very young, fair nurse was sitting by my bed, cutting my fingernails. "Fancy having to depend on someone else to cut your fingernails," I said.

She replied, "Oh, well, you've got to accustom yourself to the thought that you'll have to depend on lots of things, before you're better."

"Yes, I know. Things like crutches, perhaps?"

"Yes, and braces."

"Braces?" Cold, horrid fear took hold of me. "But Nurse, only people with infantile paralysis wear braces."

Confusion burned her face. "Forget it—you won't need them." Her words meant nothing, but that flush of red meant guilt: guilt that what she had said had put me on the track of something I was not supposed to guess.

I said nothing more to her about it; in fact, I said very little to anybody, about anything, for the remainder of the day. It was not a very good night. My night nurse, Penny, worried, and in the end I grew so despairing and frightened, lying there turning my ghastly fears round and round in my head, that I told her.

"Penny, I'd never thought of infantile paralysis before. . . ." It was all I could do to speak the awful words, because I knew so well what they meant. I also knew that, if that was what I had, it was not a light attack.

Next morning Dr. Timms came

to see me. He was by himself; no white coat, no stethoscope, no paraphernalia. He sat down on a chair by my side, and took my hand in his.

"June, we are sure, now, that you are not going to die; but this is going to take a very long time."

He could not have chosen better words as a prelude to what he had to tell me. Even as I was, I preferred life to death. I was not afraid to die, but I was too young not to want to be alive. He told me that I had infantile paralysis. He told me a great many other things, too, because he was courteous, as well as kind, and was not going to leave his patient until things had assumed more or less normal proportions.

"June, if you want to cry, go ahead. It is nothing to be ashamed of."

"Have you known for very long, Dr. Timms?"

"Yes, my dear, before you went into the lung. That was one of our private horrors—just to see you lying there, not knowing where the paralysis was going to start or end, and being able to do nothing about it."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"You were too ill. I'd have kept it from you longer, if possible, but our luck couldn't hold forever. An unwitting word had to be dropped, sooner or later."

"Has everyone known?"

"Yes. Your parents know — all your visitors know, but have been warned not to mention the word 'paralysis' to you." It had to be faced. I realized that I must never, never, make the mistake of accepting it as irrevocable. I must fight this confounding thing, because I wanted terribly to live and my idea of life did not include being attached to a dead body for the next fifty years or so.

Sudden hate for my body overwhelmed me. Then I wondered if that was the answer. If I fostered hate, would it urge me on like the prick of a spur, or would it kill all endeavor? I had to come to grips with my paralyzed body. I called Nurse Farley. "Would you show me my legs, please?"

She came close to my bed, and said in a very quiet voice: "Do you really want to see them?"

"Yes, please—right now, if it's not against all rules and regulations."

She removed bedclothes and cradle, then holding my right leg behind ankle and knee, she raised it into the air for my inspection.

Its thinness made it appear incredibly long and I was surprised by its smoothness. Shininess would have made it repulsive: it was not shiny, but all the crease marks round my knees and toes had gone. I could not hate that skinny, pitiful limb. It would have to be coaxed, petted, and cared for, if it was to carry me again. Hate was out. I was relieved about that, and out of my relief came a flicker of amused affection for that forlorn leg. I felt a lot happier.

To speed things up, I was put into the hands of the physiotherapists. Their job was to coax my breathing muscles to take over their normal function again. I never knew there were so many different ways of breathing. The efforts of the physiotherapists were unremitting, and most rewarding, because the time eventually came when I was able to breathe all day on my own. Then Dr. Black came to tell me that Mr. Muir was coming.

"Why does he have to come? Isn't Dr. Timms my doctor?"

"Dr. Timms is a neurologist. Your diagnosis was in his hands, because yours is a neurological disease, but your future is in the hands of an orthopedic surgeon, who decides what course to take to put you on your feet again. The physiotherapists carry out his directions."

"And is this Mr. Muir going to say what treatment I'm to have?"

"He's coming to look at you. But you'll be in luck's way if he does take an interest in you. He is considered one of the best orthopods we've ever had."

"This is Mr. Muir, June." Dr. Timms' crisp voice was reassuring.

"Good morning," I said to a tall, broad man with the craggiest eyebrows I had ever seen. I heard a deep intake of breath near me, and it suddenly struck me that this man bending over me had an unenviable task ahead of him. To endeavor to probe the mysteries of a bodyful of paralyzed muscles was no easy matter.

"I'm going to ask you to go through a number of actions, and even if nothing moves, I want you to try. Concentrate hard, and make an effort to do what I ask. I shall only ask you to do an action once, so put everything you've got into that attempt."

It was the rich, deep, abrupt voice that had started me on my way out of the lung.

He dug strong fingers into my stomach and told me to lift my head; he told me to laugh, to cough, and to sneeze. He gave me a pause between every movement, and when I felt his hands burrowing in some different part of my anatomy I prepared myself for a short command that would follow. He examined my face, my neck and shoulders; my arms, hands, legs and feet.

They turned me over, and he started on my back. I was astonished to discover how difficult it was for me to think of the ordinary muscular movements that had just happened before without any thought at all. When he asked me to shrug my right shoulder I was unable to wriggle it to make sure exactly where it was in relation to my neck. So I produced a picture of it in my mind's eye, then endeavored to draw the round smooth part upwards and slightly towards my ear. It was a sort of spatial relations test. I wondered what he thought of the inert mass as they rolled me over on my back again.

"Well, I'm afraid it's out of the frying pan into the fire—you will have to go into a plaster bed."

I did not mind what he wanted to do with me, because he was obviously going to "take me on."

All through that night I slept, for the first time, without any mechanical respiratory aid. The following morning I discovered I could laugh. It was a silly, apologetic sound, like a trickle of water hiccoughing down a drainpipe; but it was a laugh.

I laughed all day until Nurse begged me to stop.

"Why can't I cough?" I asked Dr. Black.

"Because the muscles of your stomach are paralyzed," he replied. That is why you haven't been able to laugh, or blow your nose, or cough or sneeze. But now you've started laughing, it ought to strengthen the muscles and help the other activities along."

My plaster bed arrived three days later. Actually it was a plaster cast which went from the top of my head, down my back to my heels then up and over my toes. The nurse lined it with elephant plaster, a smooth felt-like material with adhesive on one side. This provided a soft, warm protection against the otherwise cold plaster. My bed stood against the wall, looking like the posterior of an Egyptian mummy waiting for its frame.

This was an oblong, wooden box, six and a half feet long, two feet wide, and a foot high. It had no lid, but across the inside of it were crossbars shaped to accommodate the cast. Planks were fitted over the wire bedsprings, the frame was fitted over the planks, the cast was fitted into the frame, and I was fitted into the cast.

At first I found my new bed cold, and uncomfortably intimate. But then I began to acknowledge its virtues. The greatest relief of all was to have no sore or aching muscles, because I lay encased in a mold that allowed complete relaxation to every one of them.

A hole cut in the frame corresponding with the one in the cast facilitated maneuvers pertaining to bedpans, backs, and washes. But the beauty of the cast lay in its *raison d'être:* it meant that my spine was being kept straight until such time as the muscles in my trunk were fit enough to go back to work. Its task was a responsible and honorable one. It made my shell worthy of some distinction which would separate it from the category of inanimate things; so I called it Jimmy.

During the afternoon of the fifth day in Jimmy's company Peter came to tell me that he was leaving for Italy. He wouldn't be back until Christmastime. I was glad. Although I knew that I should miss him beyond telling, I thought he deserved a break from the difficult task of trying to be all things at once to me—mother, father, sister and friend.

And I was being kept busy these days. Two physiotherapists were working with me four to five hours daily. Apart from breathing exercises and electrical treatment, there was massage to be done, and all my limbs to be put through their full range of passive movements twice a day. The physios lifted my heavy, unmanageable limbs about because I had to be kept supple. It saved my tendons and muscles from tightening and becoming short, for if they had been left to do so, when mobility returned it would have been of little value.

On the first of September I could hold a pencil between my trembling fingers, and my handkerchief to my

Slowly, the "squiggles" in my body began to link up

nose. Someone had to move my hand about for me but that did not detract from my excitement, because I had begun writing my first letter to my parents. With a pillow on my chest, a book propped against it, a sheet of paper tethered to the book, and my left hand sand-bagged in position, I weaved a spidery pattern of words.

"What will the outcome be if my back does not recover?" I asked Perez Casado. Perez was a very sick man. He was also a fourth-year medical student. I could talk to him about anything because he could approach it from the point of view of patient, doctor, counselor and friend. He never shelved any question that he was capable of answering—and there were very few of mine that he could not answer.

"Well, if your back doesn't recover, it simply means a spinal carriage for the rest of your life."

"A spinal carriage! One of those things like a big clothes basket on wheels?" And he nodded. "Just between you and me, Perez, I am not going to be pushed about in a spinal carriage for the rest of my life."

By February I was able to recognize signs of recovery in my body long before there was any visible indication of them. I do not think I could have worked out my theory of "squiggles" had it not been for my growing acquaintance with my own anatomy. The physios helped me with it by day, alluding to every muscle and movement by its correct name, and Perez helped me at night.

A "squiggle" was a thread of feeling which ran between my brain and the muscle I was trying to operate, but never, when it first began, ran true or straight. There would be a tentative quivering cord that wobbled about inside my head, an equally reluctant sensation wobbling from the muscle to meet it. Sometimes the gap between the tenuous paths could be joined in a matter of days, sometimes it took weeks; but, however long it took, it was something alive inside me, and I tried to hold onto it, because my whole future depended on it.

Perez arrived one evening with a notebook and a businesslike air. "I've got my finals in June. I ought to find out all there is to know about polio from your case," he said.

"When I read this report of your active movements at one stage of the game—it beats me," he exclaimed. "You could open one eye, that's all. What can you line up against that solitary eye in the way of movement now?"

I laughed. "At the moment, I can use both eyes, talk, swallow, laugh, sneeze, blow my nose. I can move all the fingers on both hands but the right ones aren't up to much yet, use my left hand for some things, my left arm is moving but I can't lift all of it at once. I can breathe, I can arch my back just enough to make a small hollow between Jimmy and me, I can urinate and evacuate, and I can raise my right knee so that the back of it clears Jimmy by about two inches. . . . I think that's the lot."

"Any more brain-waves lately?" That was what he called my squiggles, and he was probably quite near the truth.

"Well, it's my head this time."

His hand gripped mine. "Splendid . . . that means you'll be able to sit up when this squiggle gets unscrambled."

By the end of July, I was sitting up. And soon I was being pushed all over London in a wheel chair by kindhearted doctors and visitors and Peter. But I wanted the day to come when I could move under my own power.

It finally came the next January. Encased in braces, with a sturdy wooden crutch jabbed under each armpit, and my harness securely bolted about me, I began to walk again. I shook; I perspired; sometimes I swore under my breath; often I fell over; always I had to think very hard.

At the beginning of my third year as a polio patient, I began to grow up again. I began to wash myself, to comb my hair and plait it; I could clean my teeth, cut my fingernails, cut my food and put it in my mouth. I could not roll over in bed or lift my heavy limbs about by myself, but I could see that the day would come when I should be able to do so.

A FRIDAY EVENING, and Peter striding across the ward to greet me. He bent close. "You look all lit up. What's to do?"

"You see that thing over there in the corner?" I pointed to my spinal brace. "Well, today Mr. Muir told me that I don't need a full brace any longer, so it's going to be cut in half. It's going to be reduced to an abdominal brace. It's only a beginning, but—"

"A beginning of the gradual breakup of the rest of your harness?"

"Yes. At least, that's how I feel about it."

"You have quite a collection on the compost heap already, haven't you? The lung, the respirator, your plaster bed, drinking tubes, your bookstand, your backrest, and probably innumerable things I know nothing about. Altogether, they've ironed out quite a few kinks in you, haven't they?"

The ironing went on until one glorious June day when Dr. Timms and Mr. Muir came together to my bedside. They were smiling.

"Well, June," Dr. Timms said, "how would you like to go home?"

I looked from one smiling face to the other and still couldn't believe it. "To New Zealand?"

"Yes."

Mr. Muir looked down. "You need sunshine, June, and good food, and sleep. A sea voyage is the best thing for you."

The High Commissioner, Peter, and my friends did all the work connected with my journey home. I purchased a pair of elbow crutches that were to act as intermediaries between underarm crutches and walking-sticks. My purchase was queried because no one could see how I was going to manage without underarm crutches.

Peter came at eight the night before I sailed. I was in a rather madly hilarious mood, to which he matched his. But time came when he straightened his wide smiling mouth, although his eyes still held laughter.

"June," he said, "have you ever thought about marriage?"

"Marriage and me, Peter? Seriously?"

"Yes, please."

"All right. As I see it, it's a job requiring certain qualifications. I haven't got those qualifications yet, so I am not—um—eligible, shall we say?"

"But are you the one to consider whether you are eligible or not?"

"In my case, yes. I could not, and would not, take it on as I am at present because I should fall down on it—literally."

"You could always be picked up and set to rights."

"Now, look, Peter—I'll give you an instance. I want to scramble an egg for my husband's lunch. I have everything within my reach—no trouble, you say? But supposing this particular husband likes parsley in his scrambled egg and the parsley happens to be at the bottom of the garden. There's a rail out into the garden, so I go out, and what happens? I fall flat on my face stooping down to pick the parsley, and instead of a man coming home to scrambled egg, he comes home to find his wife at the bottom of the garden with a broken arm. Now, could you blame the poor fellow if he looked down at me and thought, 'What price holy matrimony?' And could you blame me for wondering if he was wondering if I was too much of a liability?"

"Strikes me, June, that most women are liabilities." He was smiling again. "One thing, you couldn't run out on a chap."

"I thought, Peter Johns, that it was your wish that we consider this matter seriously."

"Yes, but I can see that you've got a store of watertight arguments to fling at me. Now . . . you will get a lot more mobile, won't you?"

"Yes."

"And you will come back to England?"

"Yes, definitely."

As I was being pushed up the gangplank the next day my nurse handed me a florist's box. Inside was some fragrant lily-of-the-valley and a card. And on the card: "You could always grow your parsley in boxes outside the kitchen window. So now what?"

"The A's Have It"

(Answers to quiz on page 53)

1. bazaar; 2. alfalfa; 3. pajamas; 4. savanna; 5. mañana; 6. cataract; 7. Mandalay; 8. armada; 9. scalawag; 10. maharajah; 11. Malaga; 12. caraway; 13. cabaña; 14. caravan; 15. Manhattan; 16. salaam; 17. bandanna; 18. Alabama; 19. papaya; 20. banana; 21. Bataan; 22. Canaan; 23. Panama; 24. Tarawa; 25. Sahara; 26. charlatan; 27. Ararat.

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HUMAN COMEDY

DOROTHY PARKER and Elsa Maxwell once attended an exhibition of the paintings of British artist Augustus John. At the gallery they met a friend who was admiring the canvases.

"Do you know the man who painted these?" the friend asked Miss Maxwell.

"Does she know him?" laughed Miss Parker. "Elsa knows him so well she calls him Augustus Jack."

—E. E. EDGAR

COMEDIAN MORT SAHL tells of a bank robber who went into a San Francisco bank and handed the teller a note reading, "Hand Over All Your Money; Act Normal." The teller, an intellectual, considered the note a moment, then wrote at the bottom, "What Is Your Definition Of *Normal?*"

—RALPH H. BAXTER, JR.

A TORONTO MAN went to call on an apartment-dwelling friend and in the lobby he pushed his friend's bell to be let in. The host rather playfully replied, via the speaker system, with an imitation of a barking dog. His visitor playfully barked back, and then turned in embarrassment to discover a couple had entered the building behind him and were standing there, eyes bulging.

"Beg your pardon," he stammered, thinking fast. "You see, I forgot my key and I've trained my dog to let me in."

At which instant the upstairs barker finally pushed the buzzer, the downstairs barker fled inside and the dumfounded couple in the lobby were left to their own wild imaginings.

—*Maclean's Magazine*

A FRESNO, CALIFORNIA, truck driver, asked why he sounded his horn and waved at frequent intervals explained: "I toot my horn at all women—young and old. I figure the young ones expect it, and the old ones appreciate it." —EUGENE S. ADLEY

I ATTENDED A SYMPHONY orchestra concert recently with my six-year-old son, thinking he might enjoy good music. However, he soon became restless and kept suggesting that we go home. I shushed him and told him to enjoy the music.

The cello soloist stepped forward and began his solo. Shortly after he started playing my son whispered, "Daddy, can we go home when he has finished sawing that box in half?"

—CLARENCE CRARY

THE OWNER OF A WESTERN MOTEL was complaining to a friend about the way business had fallen off, due to a new super-highway that had opened about a mile from his establishment. The friend pointed out that every time he drove past the motel, he always saw the "No Vacancy" sign out in front, and that looked like prosperity to him.

"I wouldn't say so," snapped the motel man. "Before they opened the new highway, I used to turn away 20 or 30 parties a night. Now I'm lucky if I have to refuse 10 or 12."

—*Wall Street Journal*

ONE EVENING WHILE doing the dinner dishes, my young son and daughter were exchanging stories about the various happenings of the day.

Elizabeth related how she almost had been run down by a driver who had turned the corner just as she started to cross the street. At which Charles, in all seriousness, contributed this astute observation; "Presbyterians have the right-of-way."

—MRS. NORMAN LAGRANDE

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, Charlie Chaplin, hearing of a Pacific-coast town celebration at which they were going to give a prize to the person most nearly imitating Charlie Chaplin, fixed himself up in costume and entered.

He came off with second prize.

—*Woolery Digest*

AN OVERSEAS VISITOR came to interview Archbishop Mannix of Melbourne, Australia, last year, and, for his opening question, asked: "To what would you ascribe your having reached the age of 93?"

"Primarily," replied the archbishop, "to the fact that I was born in 1864."

—GARY WYNN

IN OUR SMALL upstate New York village there is one church and, as the community grew, so did the duties of its pastor. He finally asked some Sunday School teachers from a neighboring town to help him with the instruction of the children.

Upon arrival, the teachers asked many questions about the town and its inhabitants, ending with, "And what is the community's chief industry?"

Wearily, the pastor sighed, "Children, ladies—children."

—MRS. ROLAND STAMMEL

AN INDICATION OF the bad days that have fallen upon the movies was revealed recently when a man called the box office of a theater in Hollywood and inquired what time the main feature would be going on. He was asked politely: "When would you *like* to see it?"

—JOE HYAMS (*New York Herald Tribune*)

DURING A REVIVAL meeting, the eloquence of the evangelist brought a listener to his feet. "Brethren," he declared, "I've been a sinner, a contemptible sinner. And I've been one for years—but I never knew it before tonight!"

"Sit down, Brother," whispered the deacon stationed in the aisle. "The rest of us knew it all the time!"

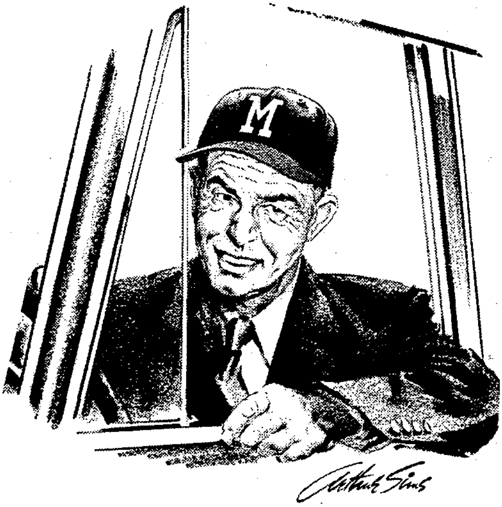
—*Irish Digest*

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

by Edward Linn

Drum beater for the Braves

Tuning his ballyhoo to baseball-happy Milwaukee, Hal Goodnough keeps the fans hopping



HAL GOODNOUGH has described himself as the man with the world's most unnecessary job. Goodnough performs his labors under the title of "Sales Promotion Manager and Good Will Ambassador" for the Milwaukee Braves, and if there are two facts of our era which have been firmly established they are that Jayne Mansfield is a girl and that Milwaukee is inordinately fond of its baseball team.

Season tickets, having been sold originally with a lifetime option for renewal, are now so valuable that they are considered a legitimate part of a man's estate.

There was, to illustrate the point, the good burgher who shot his wife one night. In the morning, his friends and neighbors descended upon the jail—almost to a man—to visit him in his cell. It would have been a much more touching expression of affection and confidence, however, if they were not all primarily concerned with getting in the first bid on his season ticket—it being obvious enough that nobody in *that* family would have much further use for it.

There have been towns where fans stormed the box office to buy tickets. Where but in Milwaukee would they storm the jail?

This kind of enthusiasm—particularly when it is reflected in the wild partisanship shown at the Milwaukee County Stadium when the Braves are in residence—is credited, quite seriously, with playing a major part in the tremendous improvement of the team.

"The same team that finished seventh in Boston," says publicity director Donald Davidson, a Boston native, "finished second in Milwaukee. If the difference wasn't in the enthusiasm of the crowds, then what was it?"

Goodnough, who also accompanied the team from Boston, agrees completely. "It isn't something that can be explained," he says. "You have to be part of it to understand."

Goodnough, a slight, dark-haired six-footer, takes a lot of kidding about his "Boston accent." It is actually a rich down-East accent, redolent of a youth spent on Cape Cod.

For 25 years, Hal was a schoolteacher and baseball coach at the Wellesley, Massachusetts, High School—where he coached the 1957 Rookie of the Year, Phillies pitcher Jack Sanford. During that time, he taught all five children of Lou Perini, the Braves' owner, and also did occasional scouting and speaking for his team. As soon as Perini made the move to Milwaukee, he sent for Hal and offered him the job of selling the game to the people of Wisconsin.

Although he had just become eligible for his teacher's pension, Hal had fully intended to teach for at least five more years. He talked the job over carefully with his wife, and—even then—took it on with some misgivings.

He found out how it was going to be when he got off the train, two weeks before the season opened, and was immediately sent to address a meeting of the local Old Timers Club. "We don't need anybody to sell us on the Braves," he was told. "But, look, maybe you can help us get some tickets for the opening game."

Hal has, in the course of his travels as Good Will Ambassador, come to be known as baseball's most stirring speechmaker. And appropriately, the fans themselves provide him with his best material.

Since one of his main tasks is to carry the message to women, he devised the plan of getting the wife of a leading citizen to gather her friends in her home for a buffet supper. Once, when he was scheduled to address such a group in the residential outskirts of Milwaukee, his hostess met him at the door with the request that he rush her to the store for a roll of adhesive tape.

Envisioning someone sitting inside in a pool of blood, Hal sped her down the street to a small corner grocery store. The woman burst from the car, with Hal behind.

"I don't carry adhesive tape," the grocer told her, "but I have a roll of my own I can let you have if it's an emergency."

"Indeed it is," said the distraught woman. "My sister-in-law ripped her corset and she has to get it fixed in time to meet her husband in town for the ball game tonight."

The adhesive tape was turned over at once.

A less sophisticated woman told him she had found a horseshoe and had sat on it while listening to a game, on the chance that it might bring the team luck. When the Braves won, she sat—or maybe it should be set—on it the next day. Again, she hatched a Braves victory.

Aided by her ample assistance, the Braves went on to win ten games in a row. By this time, though, her husband had begun to grow a bit impatient, presumably on the grounds that she should be doing the housework and preparing his supper instead of warming a horseshoe.

During an unguarded moment, he plucked the horseshoe from its nest and flung it into the river. The

Braves lost their next four games, and the woman wanted to have her husband cited for treason.

Hal's talks almost always have a high inspirational content, too, especially when there are kids in the audience. He likes to tell them about the ungraceful players, like the Braves' Joe Adcock, who made themselves stars by years of hard work. And he has amassed data on just about every athlete who has ever had to overcome a serious physical disability.

The Braves' young hitting star, Hank Aaron, has a droll sense of humor which has provided Hal with some of his best anecdotes. He tells the story, for example, about how Hank hit a home run on his first time at bat and was given the "silent treatment" when he got back to the bench—an old baseball gag.

The next time up, he hit another home run and, once again, the signal went around the bench to ignore him completely. Hank, who knew very well what was going on, came back into the dugout and asked manager Fred Haney innocently: "Just what am I doing wrong?"

IN SPITE OF Goodnough's tongue-in-cheek disclaimers about the need for a job such as his, the Braves' front office is fully aware of the part his talks have played in keeping the fans' enthusiasm at fever pitch.

Joe Cairnes, the president of the club, explains: "We knew from the very first that the city of Milwaukee wasn't big enough to support a major-league operation, so we set out to get the whole area interested in us; not just the state of Wisconsin but the bordering areas too. Hal Goodnough's work has played a large part in the success we've had in getting it and in holding it. We get more mail about him than about all of our players put together."

Hal himself has received hundreds of letters, many of them offering top jobs with local chamber of commerce committees if he should ever decide he has had enough of traveling.

To help him in those travels, Hal drives a fire-red Nash, on which is painted a laughing Indian and the words "Thank You Wisconsin, Milwaukee Braves." One day he was driving down Wisconsin Avenue with an office secretary when two motorcycle cops roared up, sirens wailing, and signaled him to pull over to the curb. Hal and the secretary sat there, wondering what ordinance they had broken and pondering the effect of the bad publicity that could come out of such an incident.

The two cops marched over, took off their caps in unison, bowed in unison and said—in unison: "You're perfectly welcome."

In two-and-a-half years, Goodnough drove 63,000 miles and made 650 speeches. One day, he was driving along a lonely highway on which a new system of telephone lines was being constructed. Suddenly, a lineman, having seen the red car in the distance, scurried down the pole and flagged him to a stop.

What, he wanted to know, was the score of the game. Hal, who had been listening on the car radio, told him the Braves were leading 3-1.

About 20 miles farther on, another lineman was waiting in the

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

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For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

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And most amazing of all—this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem!" And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) – the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H.** Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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(*Advertisement*)

road, arms upheld. Once again, Hal skidded to a stop.

"Is it still 3-1?" the man asked.

As it happened, it was. "But let me ask you something," Goodnough said. "How did you know what the score had been?"

"It got passed up from man to man," the lineman said. "I'm at the end of the line, so I was told to get the latest score when you got to me and start it back."

Hal's speeches—and he has now made well over a thousand—have been delivered to just about every kind of group imaginable. He has given pretty much the same message to the state's leading bankers and to the inmates of the Waupun State Prison. The prisoners, as might be expected, provided one of the most knowledgeable audiences he ever had.

"It seems," he says dryly, "that they had plenty of time to read up on the game."

He has spoken before kindergarten classes and at old people's homes—where the radio broadcasts of the games have become the most important event of the day. Recently, the daughter of a woman in her 80s told him gratefully that the Braves had given her mother new interest in life, to the point where she was keeping scrapbooks of her favorite players.

Hal had a long talk with the old lady, looked at her scrapbooks and, finally, asked who her favorite player was. "Warren Spahn," she told him, smiling sweetly. "Isn't it remarkable that an old man of 36 can keep on winning like that?"

After one chamber of commerce address, a nun approached him to tell him she had become interested in baseball long ago, when she was in the same convent as Charles Gehringer's sister. By the time the nun and Hal had finished talking, he had been invited to speak before her sister nuns at the Marian Sisters convent. To his astonishment, he found he got pretty much the same reaction as when he spoke to sorority groups or women's clubs. One nun took him aside afterwards to ask a question she had apparently not wanted to ask in public: "Does Joe Adcock chew tobacco?"

In his visits to various towns, Goodnough has been met by mayors, police chiefs and assorted dignitaries, and treated in the manner royalty would like to be still treated. For instance, there was the time the ferry to Ludington, Michigan—where he was to be principal speaker at a Lions Club banquet—pulled in an hour late. While the ferry was being docked, the mayor was standing alongside with a megaphone shouting instructions to the captain to escort Goodnough off first.

A temporary gangplank was hastily thrown up, and Hal was whisked ashore, hustled into a car and rushed to the hall by police escort.

"If I have found out one thing," Hal says, "it is that there is no nut like a baseball nut." (And, he might add, no baseball nut like a Milwaukee baseball nut.)

He does not plead innocent to that indictment himself. After the 1956 season came to a close, he left his job with the Braves to tour for a lecture agency. His bookings ran a year in advance, but before that year was

Continued on page 151

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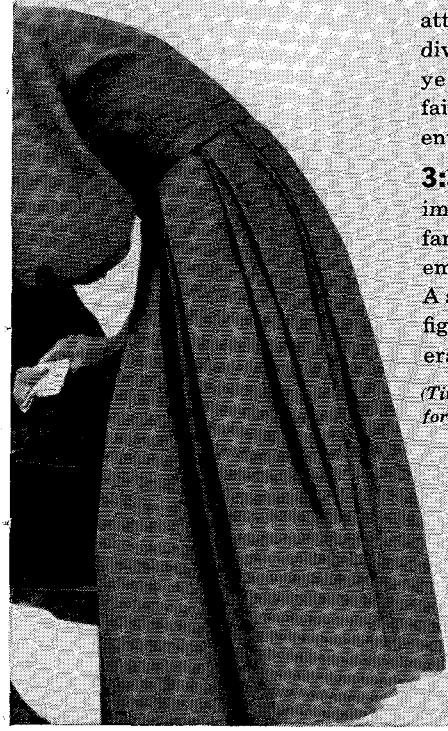

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3:00 P.M. TODAY IS OURS Patricia Benoit (famous as *Mrs.* Peepers) stars as Assistant Principal of Central High. She is attractive and deeply conscientious and she divides her life between her work and her 12-year-old son. Because her marriage has failed, however, she approaches any future entanglement with caution.

3:30 P.M. FROM THESE ROOTS An imaginative and dramatic portrayal of a family as it comes to grips with the many emotional strains of our jet-propelled age. A small town newspaper editor is the central figure in this provocative story of three generations and their problems.

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up the call of the game proved stronger than the call of the big money. He returned to the Braves.

For there is something contagious in the Milwaukee air. Even Hal's wife—who has been around baseball most of their married life—finally caught it.

Last year, she came into possession of a parakeet and immediately began to instruct it in the finer things of life.

When Hal came in off the road, he found the bird sitting on the radio, listening to the game and dutifully squawking: "Let's go to ball game," and "Milwaukee Braves, World Champs."

The fact that he represents such a strong ball club has not, quite obviously, made the selling job any more difficult. During the 1956 presidential campaign, Hal was the principal speaker at the Boise (Idaho) Hot Stove League dinner—Boise being a Milwaukee farm. Adlai Stevenson was in town the same night to make a campaign speech, and the baseball affair easily outdrew the political one.

Next morning, Hal was eating breakfast at the lunch counter of the Hotel Boise when Stevenson came in. Republican Senator Herman Welker, a rabid baseball fan, introduced them. "Here," he said to Stevenson, "is the man who outdrew you last night."

Adlai, the sorrows of other defeats upon him, smiled wearily and said: "Ah yes, it's great to be with a winner, isn't it?"

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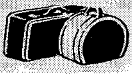

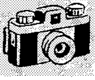

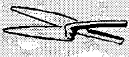

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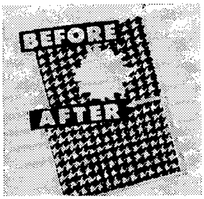

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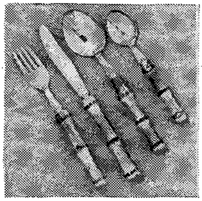

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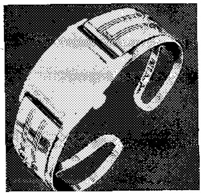

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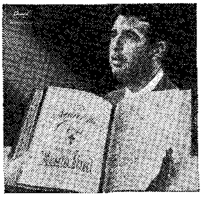

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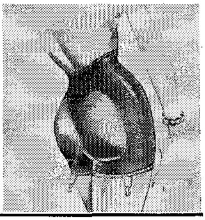

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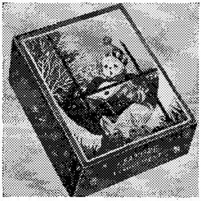

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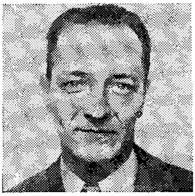

Silver Linings continued

this purpose, as customers forget to return them.

One evening, the store was bustling with activity. I was asked by a sweet-looking old lady for a pen and unthinkingly gave her, not the usual ball point, but my anniversary present, an expensive well-known brand. Not until closing time did I miss the pen.

Some three months later, I had all but forgotten the incident when one morning the mailman delivered a rather large, bulky letter that was addressed to:

"The Gift Store on 42nd Street
Right next to ——— Restaurant
Between —— And —— Avenue
New York City, New York"

Opening it, I found this note wrapped around my lost pen: "Dear Sir: I found this pen at the bottom of my handbag while 'spring cleaning.' I wondered where on earth it

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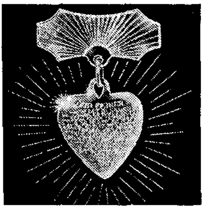

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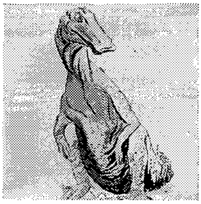

came from until I suddenly remembered borrowing it in your store. I am sincerely sorry I inadvertently walked away with it and I hope there are no hard feelings."

There was no signature, but I hope some day to again see this very considerate lady and, if I do, she's guaranteed a personal tour of the city by a grateful New Yorker.

—MELVYN SCHNEIDE

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, my parents purchased a small farm in a remote rural community and, although I was timid, I enjoyed the new experience of attending the one-room school that served our area.

The first winter on our new farm was dismal and cold, with high winds whipping the snow into huge mounds, making travel nearly impossible. Many days I felt very much alone in a vast world of white as I hiked the long mile to and from school.

Years later, though, I learned

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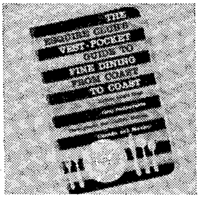

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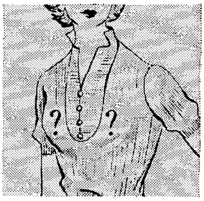
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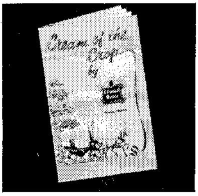

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(Continued on next page)

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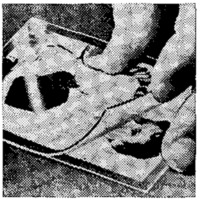

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Silver Linings *continued*

from an elderly lady who lived near the schoolhouse that I was not quite alone. She told me that on the coldest afternoons when dusk fell quickly, she would watch from her upstairs window as I trudged along the first half-mile of the way, and then as I disappeared out of sight, she telephoned down the road to another neighbor. The second neighbor then took up the watch until I arrived home, safe for another day.

—JOHN MACMANES

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

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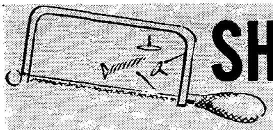

SHOPPING GUIDE

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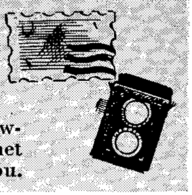

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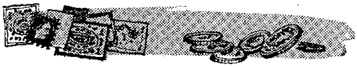

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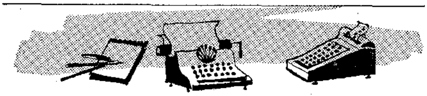

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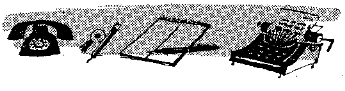

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(*Continued on next page*)

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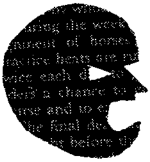


LANGUAGE LESSONS

JOHN MILTON, the English poet, was once asked if he planned to teach his daughters any foreign languages. "No," was the reply, "one tongue is sufficient for any woman."
—MILT WEISS

PAUL RAMADIER, French Minister of Finance, in an official speech, said: "Gentlemen, we must save—no matter how much it costs!"
—*Quote*

MISS MURPHY was teaching her Sunday school class the Twenty-Third Psalm. When she thought it had been mastered, she asked the class to repeat it in unison. She detected a discrepancy in the words, so she took each child individually and listened to him recite. Finally she found one little fellow who was concluding his version with this line: "And surely good Miss Murphy will follow me all the days of my life."
—*California Teachers' Association Journal*

I HAD LIVED all my life in the South but it was not until we moved to Wisconsin that I was made aware of how really Deep South my accent was. When one of my young son's new friends dropped in to see him, I told the little fellow that we were going downtown and, if he would go home and get permission from his mother, I would take him along with us for some ice cream. He stood staring at me while I talked. Then, nodding his head solemnly, he turned and walked away.

A few minutes later his mother telephoned, and in a chuckling voice told me that her son had just come home and said, "Mother, will you call up that lady and ask her what she said. She speaks Spanish and I couldn't understand one word."
—BETTY S. MARRIOTT

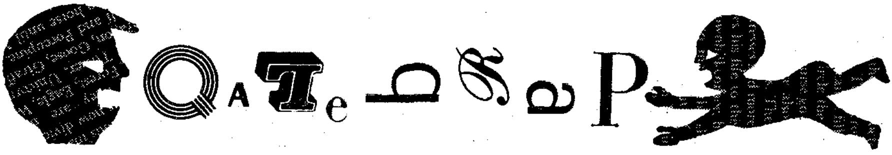
UNLIKE AMERICAN AUTO MAKERS, the British Rolls-Royce company does not disclose the horsepower of its cars.

One titled Englishman (probably piqued by boasting American friends) used his finest crested stationery to write the Rolls people and ask: "What is the horsepower of my 'Silver Dawn' "?

With typical British reserve, a company executive replied with a single word: "Adequate."
—HARRY WOODWARD *(Sales Management)*

WHEN MY NIECE, a fourth-grader, returned home from school one afternoon and found me visiting with her mother, she proudly showed us a composition for which she had just received an "A."

It stated that Mozart was born in 1756, was a famous composer and pianist and father, and had "practiced on a spinster in the attic."
—BARBARA D. LANG



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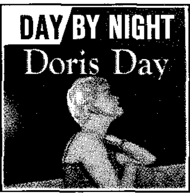
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Doris Day

2 Moonglow, The Lamp is Low, 10 more

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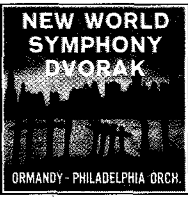
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MITCH MILLER Orchestra

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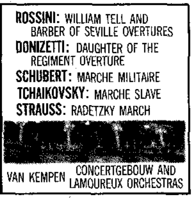
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DONIZETTI: DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT OVERTURE
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10 The Duke reaches new heights

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11 Whiffenpoof Song, Aura Lee, etc.

ANDRE
Kostelanetz
AND ORCHESTRA
Calendar Girl

12 Laura, Stella by Starlight, 10 more

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FRANCESCATTI

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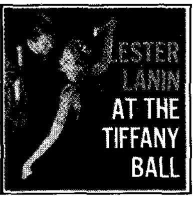
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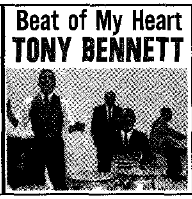
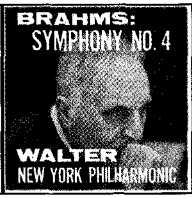
Eugene Ormandy, CONDUCTOR

21 Four melodic works for strings


Beat of My Heart
TONY BENNETT

22 Tony with a wonderful beat


BRAHMS:
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WALTER
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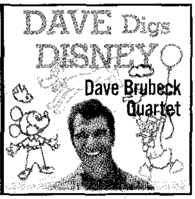
DAVE Digs DISNEY
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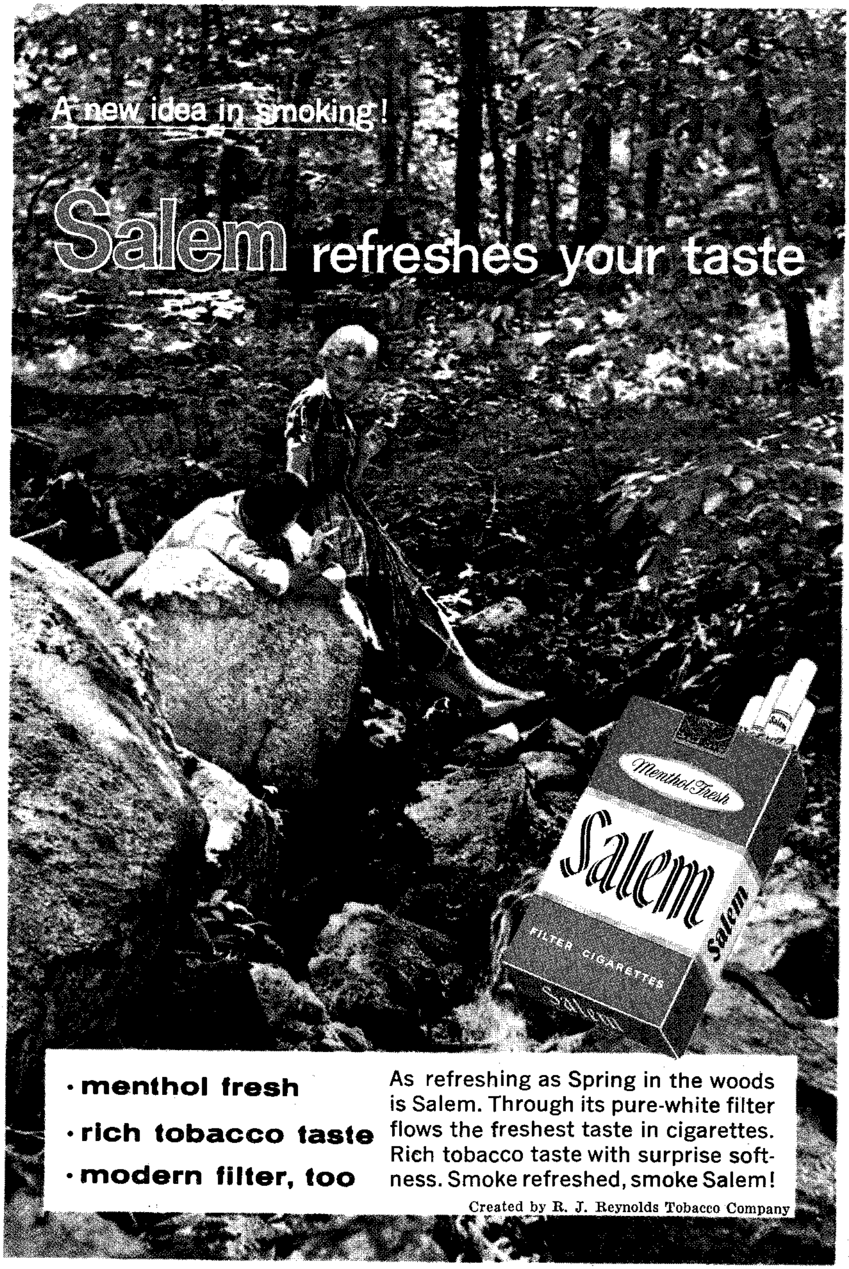
24 Dave works over six Disney tunes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